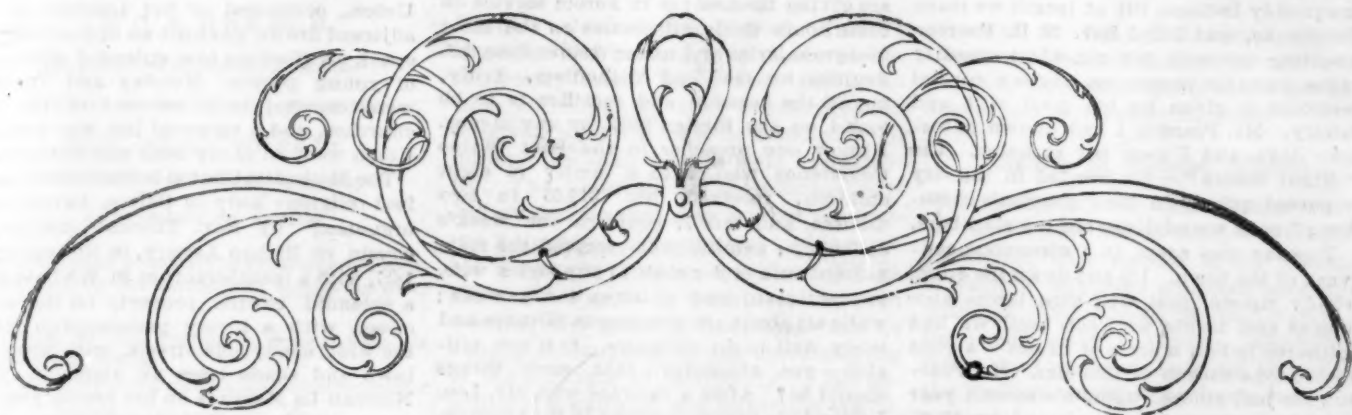


Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1905



THE TAPER

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

I STOOD in the old Cathedral
Amid the gloaming cold ;
Before me was the chancel,
And unlit lamps of gold.

From the mullioned window's chalice
Was spilled the wine of light,
And across the winter valleys
Was drawn the wing of night.

The frescoes of the angels
Above me were unseen,
And viewless were the statues
Each pillared arch between.

The chancel door swung open ;
There came a feeble light,
Whose balos like a mantle
Fell over the acolyte.

And one by one be kindled
The silver lamps and gold,
And the old Cathedral's glories
Before my eyes unrolled.

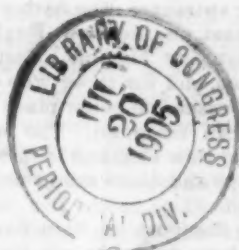
The jet of light was feeble ;
The lamps were stars of flame ;
And I could read behind them
Immanuel's wondrous name.

The taper -- light's evangel --
Touched all the chandeliers ;
As if by heaven transfigured
Appeared the saints and seers.

Along the sculptured arches
Appeared the statues dim ;
And pealed the stormy organ
The peaceful advent hymn.

And as the form retreating
Passed slowly from my sight,
Eclipsed in lights it kindled
Was lost the taper's light.

One taper lights a thousand,
Yet shines as it has shone ;
And the humblest light may kindle
A brighter than its own.



The Field Secretary's Corner

LEAVING Eastport, July 3, by the Washington County railroad, we wind along the shore of Passamaquoddy Bay, with its beautiful, shimmering waters, gliding by the little fishing hamlets, with the curious looking weirs set for the wily sardine, past Pleasant Point, where there is a large settlement of Passamaquoddy Indians, till at length we reach Pembroke, and I find Rev. N. R. Pearson awaiting me with his rig, which speedily takes me to the parsonage, where a cordial welcome is given by his good wife and family. Mr. Pearson I had known in former days, and I soon felt at home. The "Night Before" — so dreaded in the city — passed quietly in the "prophet's chamber"; not a sound disturbed my slumbers.

Tuesday was spent in a strenuous canvass of the town. Up and down the quiet, shady streets, past well-kept lawns and homes and farms, we went, until we had gathered in half a score of names — a good record for a church of this size. Mr. Pearson has just entered upon his second year in this pastorate, coming here from Caribou. Though the field is hard and discouragements many, he has won a warm place in the hearts of his people, and the work has been attended by some degree of prosperity. A neat little church at Pembroke and a small vestry at West Pembroke provide two preaching places, with a neat little parsonage at the latter point. The former church was built some half-century ago, and I called upon the brother who hauled the lumber for the building. Mr. Dean, one of the older members, furnished me with some interesting facts concerning it: Pembroke Iron Works was formerly a flourishing manufacturing community. With magnificent water power and good shipping facilities, it was the centre of a busy population, many of whom, being Wesleyans from England, desired a Methodist Church. There were some local preachers in the number, and the present church was finally erected and Methodism established. While the work languishes somewhat in recent years, many of the people having gone, there are yet possibilities of a good work in the future. At West Pembroke steps are already under way looking toward a renovation of the little chapel, some funds have been gathered, and the repairs will doubtless be made in the immediate future. If all the people would rally, there might be a good church at this point. Mr. Pearson is laboring hard to bring it about.

Wednesday morning, Rev. Harry Lee drove eight miles from South Robbinston to carry me over to his charge. Mr. Lee is stationed at South Robbinston and Perry, and the drive across the country was most delightful. Around the beautiful wooded shores of Boyden Lake we journey, calling at occasional farm-houses, and securing subscriptions in several instances. At noon we reach the home of Mr. John Bishop, one of Mr. Lee's good people, who with true Maine hospitality insisted on our having dinner. At one home I found a lady, who, on being introduced, said: "Why, that's my maiden name — Morgan;" and, on inquiry, I learned that her people came from the Kennebec, and, though distant, we concluded there might be some relationship between us. I had met her brother, Mr. William Morgan, the day before in Pembroke. We reached Mr. Lee's home about 4 o'clock, and found a cordial welcome from his good wife. Mr. and Mrs. Lee are graduates of the Union Missionary Training Institute of Brooklyn, where they prepared for the foreign field, and are holding

themselves ready, when God shall open the way, for that work. In the meantime they are doing real missionary work where they are.

One cannot but be impressed, as he travels about in these country districts, with the heroism and devotion of these noble men and women who, "unwept and unsung," are giving themselves in heroic service on these home fields, oftentimes on the most meagre salaries and under tremendous difficulties, for God and Methodism. Truly, not all the heroism and sacrifice is to be found on the foreign field, by any means. I know one preacher in the East Maine Conference who, with a family of eight children, received but \$14.65 in two months, and but 77 cents in one week's collection; another who received the magnificent sum of five cents to support a wife, two children, and a horse for a week; while all about are prosperous farmers and fairly well-to-do villagers. Is it not pitiable — yes, shameful — that such things should be? After a canvass with Mr. Lee, I attend his prayer-meeting in the evening, and the following morning drive three miles to take the boat back to Eastport.

Eastport has the reputation of being the foggiest place in the United States, as well as the most easterly point, and it certainly sustained that reputation while I was there. Every night the thick blanket of fog rolled in from the Atlantic, shrouding everything in mist, which lasted far into the forenoon, while all night long the hoarse notes of the warning bells and whistles located the dangerous spots near the harbor entrance. The harbor is said to be the finest on the New England coast. Notwithstanding all this, Eastport is a lovely place, and for those who desire cool summer weather no better place in all New England can be found. The intense heat of Southern New England is rarely known, while wraps and coats are in order all the year round.

Leaving Eastport on Saturday morning — having been delayed more than an hour by the above-mentioned fog — I embarked on a little steamer for Calais, some thirty miles up river. It is a beautiful ride, skirting the banks oftentimes so closely that one can toss a biscuit ashore; then sailing in the midst of a wide stretch, with the distant hills showing mistily on either shore — Maine on the one hand, New Brunswick on the other. We touch at St. Andrew's, a Canadian town, a few miles distant, then on up the St. Croix, whose ever-narrowing banks seem sometimes to shut us in completely, till at last we come in sight of the great steel International Bridge, which connects the two cities, Calais and St. Stephen's. Our landing is at the latter place, where we catch an electric and cross the river to Calais, where we soon find our way to the hospitable home of Rev. Norman La Marsh, pastor of Knight Memorial Church, where I am so kindly entertained, with true New-England, Methodist-parsonage welcome, during my stay. Mr. La Marsh and his good wife opened wide their arms (metaphorically speaking), and received me as one of their own family.

After completing my arrangements for the morrow, and reading my mail, I hastened away to Milltown, Me., two miles distant, though a part of Calais, where Rev. John Tinling is pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Tinling had just returned from a visit to the sick bedside of their daughter in Houlton, who, her many friends will be glad to know, is now on the road to recovery. A busy day is arranged for, planning to

preach for Mr. Tinling in the morning, for Mr. La Marsh at Wesley Church three miles out in the afternoon, and at Knight Memorial in the evening.

Sunday dawned, bright and fair, and this program was carried out. The heat was intense, but good congregations in each place gave me an excellent opportunity to present the HERALD, with very satisfactory results, a large increase being secured in each place.

Monday evening, the Epworth League Union, composed of the Leagues of the adjacent towns, gave me an opportunity to speak on missions to a splendid gathering of young people. Monday and Tuesday were devoted to a canvass of the two churches, and a splendid list was secured. I then went on to my next appointment.

The Methodist Church is the oldest organized religious body in Calais, having been organized by Rev. Thomas Asbury, a cousin of Bishop Asbury, in the spring of 1817, with a membership of 36. We have now a splendid church property on the main street, with a lovely parsonage on one of the wide, shady side streets, with spacious lawn and shade trees all about it. Rev. Norman La Marsh is on his fourth year as pastor, and is greatly beloved by all, both in church and community. During his pastorate good work has been done. Conversions are the rule rather than the exception, and congregations are large and enthusiastic. The church has been renovated at an expense of over \$7,000, and the result has fully justified the outlay. They have now a beautiful and commodious church building, with all the appurtenances for up-to-date church work.

The Milltown church is also in a prosperous condition. Rev. John Tinling is in the second year of his pastorate, and is proving himself the right man in the right place. Repairs are now going on, and it is purposed to make a complete renovation of the edifice, with steel ceiling, new floors, etc., at an expense of about \$1,200. Services are in the meantime being held in the vestry, a separate building near by.

50,000 Watchword

REV. NORMAN LA MARSH, pastor of Knight Memorial Church, Calais, Me., writes under date of July 11: "The Field Secretary of ZION'S HERALD was with us, Sunday, July 9, and his presence was an inspiration — two roving addresses, and Monday given to personal work. Our list now numbers 22 as against 7 before he came. Allow me to suggest that 50,000 be the HERALD watchword from this time forward, and if any man can reach it, Rev. F. H. Morgan is that man. This figure reached would enable the Wesleyan Association to keep a first class man in the field, as a constant source of inspiration to all our churches in New England; and this is exactly what is needed to give our own paper the first place in every Methodist home."

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Japan's Merchant Fleet

NOW that peace in the Far East seems an assured fact, the eyes of the world are directed toward the probable policy of Japan in developing the Orient. Whether Japan will be found adhering to the "open door" idea or not — and she has already expelled all traders of other nations from Port Arthur — it is certain that in exploiting Korea, Manchuria and China the Japanese merchant marine will play an important part. Formerly the Japanese only traded with China and Korea, as any attempt to trade with other countries was punishable by death. But in 1868 came the great change which opened Japan to the world, and with that innovation began a period of prosperity for the Japanese merchant marine. While the first Japanese navigation company was formed in 1872, the broad foundations for the native merchant marine were really laid in 1874, when, at the time of the war with China in Formosa, the great navigation company known as the Mitsu-bishi-kaisha was formed. From the period of the second war with China (1894-1895) the growth of the merchant fleet has been steady. At the end of 1893 the total tonnage was 167,000, and at the end of 1895 it was 331,000. Japanese transoceanic lines now extend to Europe, America, Australia, China, Korea and Saghalien. Up to 1896, when the Government passed a law favoring the home ship-building trade, there had only been one wooden vessel of 1,000 tons built in Japan; but many ships are now built there of more than 6,000 tons, and the Japanese docks are as well equipped as any in Europe. In January, 1905, the tonnage of the merchant marine was 791,057, to which must be added a tonnage of 320,000 representing sailing vessels built after European models.

National Reciprocity Conference

A CALL has been issued for a National Reciprocity Congress to meet in August in Chicago. It has not failed to attract the attention of many outside of as well as in Massachusetts that Governor

Douglas ascribed his success in 1904 largely to the use which he made of the reciprocity issue. Since then the advocates of reciprocity have broadened their program, and will now be satisfied with nothing less than "world-wide" reciprocity. The promoters of the Chicago conference declare that they are not conducting "the same old agitation for the same old reciprocity treaties, negotiated in the same old way." It remains to be seen whether the mass of Americans will be equally enthusiastic for the universalizing of the principle of reciprocity by the enacting of maximum and minimum tariffs, and enforcing the minimum rates against countries which are willing to allow us the benefit of similar minimum rates. Reciprocity completely universalized, however, would contradict itself. The Chicago congress may do good by developing the meaning and extent of reciprocity, with respect to which much confusion of mind now exists.

Negro Crime in Georgia

NOWHERE in America is the negro problem in its various phases studied with greater scientific thoroughness or sympathetic appreciation than at Atlanta University. The results of a "Social Study," made under direction of the University by the Ninth Atlanta Conference, and edited by Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, show that encouraging progress is being made by the negro — at any rate in Georgia — in the direction of thrift and virtue. The decrease of negro crime within the past ten years is striking. Nevertheless the amount of crime among the negroes is still very great, and constitutes a dangerous and threatening phenomenon. The causes of crime are found in the following facts: The mass of the negroes are in a transient state between slavery and freedom, and such a period of change involves physical strain, mental bewilderment and moral weakness; race prejudice, narrowing the opportunities of the negroes, teaches them to lose self-respect and ambition; negroes have less legal protection than have the whites, while the laws are so drawn as to involve in their tolls the ignorant, unfortunate and careless, when their real need is inspiration, knowledge and opportunity; courts usually administer two kinds of punishment — one for whites, and the other for negroes — and the methods of punishment for negroes are calculated to breed crime (as in the school of the chain-gang) rather than to prevent it. Little discrimination is made between old and young, male and female, hardened "thug" and careless mischief-maker, and the result is that a single sentence to the chain-gang for a trivial misdemeanor usually makes the victim a confirmed

criminal for life. The Ninth Atlanta Conference did well to appeal to the white people of Georgia to rectify these grievous abuses and perversions of justice.

Radium in Mineral Waters

IT is only recently that mineral waters have been tested from a biological standpoint with respect to the presence of radium and their supposed medicinal qualities. The famous mineral waters of the health resort at Gastein, which were found by Curie and Laborde to contain the radium emanation, have been examined by Dr. Kallman to test their effect on bacteria. For this purpose the *bacillus prodigiosus* was used, and it was found that the water, the sediment, and the gas issuing from the spring were all capable of stopping the development of these micro-organisms, while the germicidal effect of the sediment was most marked and strong, destroying the bacilli within a few hours. Inasmuch as the water from the spring, after having been bottled longer than forty-eight hours, does not act at all differently from ordinary water, the opinion is held by Dr. Kallman that it is the presence of a quickly evanescent radium constituent in the water that produces the beneficial effects in bathing — a fact which would account for the lack of success often attending the use of bottled mineral spring water, or of salts derived from it. In the possible event of radium becoming more common, it might be feasible to impart radio-activity to certain mineral waters for medicinal purposes, and thus secure some, or possibly all, of the advantages of the natural substance.

Sanitary Situation in Panama

THE alarmist tales which have lately been circulated regarding the sanitary condition of the Panama tract have been contradicted in large part by President Roosevelt, who in an address delivered last week before a company of Long Island physicians discriminated carefully between the two isthmian plagues, malaria and yellow fever, both of which are coming gradually under control. A fine sewer system is nearing completion at Panama, and the city now has a water supply excellent in quality and quantity. Malaria and not yellow fever is the chief enemy to health at the Isthmus; for while it is not as deadly as the latter disease, it is vastly more prevalent, and the liability to infection through insects, on account of the larger number of malarial patients likely to be bitten by mosquitoes, is much greater. Two methods of fighting these diseases are being pursued: One is the destruction of the mosquitoes and their breeding-grounds. The other

method employed is the isolation of fever patients and the screening of them with netting so that the mosquitoes cannot get at them. The latter method can be readily put into operation in the case of the relatively less numerous yellow fever patients, but it is impossible to put all the 50,000 malarial patients under netting. The malarial problem is, therefore, much more difficult to solve, though not insoluble. The situation at the Isthmus is serious, but not hopeless. Alarmist reports will not help to relieve it; but the measures now being undertaken by the Government promise that relief in the course of time.

Earthquake in New England

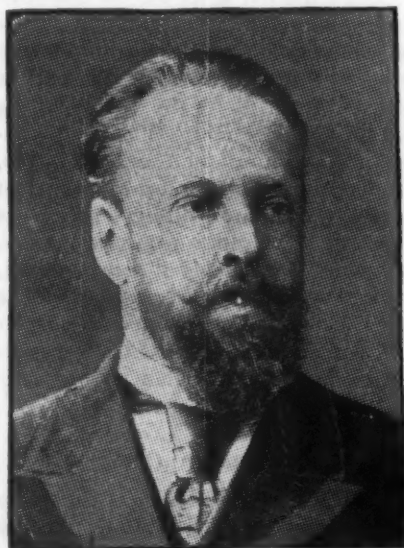
AN earthquake shock, due doubtless to some geologic change in the interior of the earth, was felt about five o'clock last Saturday morning in Maine, New Hampshire, and northern Massachusetts, and in parts of Greater Boston. The centre of the seismic disturbance was at Waterville, Me., and the Pine Tree State appears to have had the severest experience of the shock. Chimneys were thrown down, crockery broken, and the inhabitants awakened by a rumble and roar. The reports show that Massachusetts was touched only by the receding wave of the earthquake. In Cambridge expert astronomers were not conscious of anything out of the ordinary, but in Melrose, Winchester, Woburn, and other points to the north of Boston, the shock was distinctly felt. In the opinion of State Geologist Leslie A. Lee of Maine the shock was probably caused by the slipping of rock on the side of a fissure at a considerable depth, as a result of long-continued strain, the slip being stimulated perhaps by an explosion of some kind. The "quake" seems to have taken the form of a large oval, with a long axis from Bangor to York, Maine.

Russia's Grand Statesman

THE announcement that Sergius Witte has been appointed the leading peace commissioner of Russia in the stead of M. Murivieff, whose fitness for such delicate diplomatic negotiations was doubted even by himself, promises well for the successful issue of the peace conference. M. Witte, who is perhaps Russia's sanest and best informed statesman, is more fit than any other man in Russia to subserve for his country something of substantial advantage out of the impending wreck of her Far Eastern policy. Murivieff and Witte represent two opposed extremes of Russian life. The former is a representative of the aristocracy of the realm, and the latter is a man of the people, who, in spite of humble birth, has forced his way to high station by sheer ability and persistent energy. M. Witte, the son of a minor official at Odessa, and a graduate of Odessa University, began his public career as a station agent on a railroad; but his advancement was rapid, and while he was yet in his prime he was called upon to become Minister of Finance. In that position he reorganized the finances and the fiscal system of Russia. He put the empire on the gold basis with the least jar of transition, extinguished deficits without over-

burdening the people, and developed the resources of Russia by an extension of the system of indirect taxation. As a result he raised Russia's credit to the highest point it has ever reached, and accumulated a free working balance—an attainment which most Russian finance ministers have seen only in their dreams.

The special appropriateness in M. Witte's selection as the leading peace commissioner, apart from his abilities, arises from the fact that the fruition of his work depends on the continuance of peace and the uninterrupted extension of Russian trade and commerce, which he sought to attain by a series of commercial treaties. It is understood that he gave his advice against the war with Japan, but his counsel went all unheeded. Now that, after a period of



M. SERGIUS WITTE

undeserved neglect, he has come again to the front, he has the opportunity of his life to conclude an honorable peace which will afford the firm basis for legitimate Russian expansion for a half-century at least to come. Even an autocracy must respect men of the democratic Witte stamp; and there is reason to think that, however bluntly he may at times have talked to the Czar with regard to the ills of Russia and the shortcomings of Russians, he is regarded with a perhaps reluctant confidence by that petted autocrat, and certainly is looked upon by the rank and file of Russians as the better genius who shall deliver them from the toils of the intriguer, and the disastrous consequences of the war brought on by self-seeking grand-dukes and light-headed Alexieffs. The Emperor and his court practically confess by this appointment their dependence on the sturdy plebeian to save them from the consequences of their own fatuous policy of misrule.

Redistribution Scheme Delayed

MR. BALFOUR has been obliged, through the opposition of John Redmond, to delay the bill providing for the redistribution of Parliamentary seats, but promises to bring it up at the next session of Parliament. The proposed redistribution of the constituencies of the United Kingdom and Ireland has created a great outcry in Ireland, especially among the Nationalists, for under it the reduction of the membership of the Irish would

be marked. At present England has 465 members, Ireland 103, Scotland 72, and Wales 30, in the House of Commons. Under the suggested redistribution the Irish vote would be decreased to seventy-two, giving Parliament a larger number of Unionist members than is now returned. The outlook for Home Rule under a redistribution would be very unfavorable. The Nationalists may be depended upon to fight redistribution to the bitter end, for it would mean to them practical annihilation.

Diplomatic Peace Manœuvres

THE diplomats appointed to conduct the peace negotiations at Portsmouth are now manœuvring for favorable positions during the conference. The efforts of the Japanese are taking the practical form of an advance on Sakhalin, which the Russians by retaining hoped to throw in as a make-weight as against an indemnity, and the Russians, through utterances more or less "inspired," in the Russian and German press, are seeking to create the impression that the Powers may combine to curb the peace demands of Japan, if those demands are too severe and tend in any way to restrict Western activity in Asia. Japan cannot afford to make any move that Great Britain will not back up with her fleets. France, Germany, or the United States is a match for her on the sea singly, and Japan cannot safely refuse to consider their legitimate interests in the Far East. In discussing the impending negotiations the *Novoe Vremya* adopts a stiff attitude, warning Japan that Russia can consent only to such a peace as will not affect the dignity or vital interests of the empire, and charging its plenipotentiaries to defend the interests both of Russia and of the other Caucasian Powers. This charge would be an empty boast and a vain deliverance were it not for the fact that Russia will find moral support in Germany, France, America, and perhaps even in London, in seeing to it that the Occident does not suffer by the peace settlement.

Large Sums Given to Free Libraries

ACCORDING to a report presented by Joseph L. Harrison, at the meeting of the American Library Association, recently held in Portland, Ore., the gifts for libraries in America during the seven months ending Jan. 1, 1905, have been very remarkable. During that period 253 gifts were reported, representing 116,552 volumes, five collections of books, the sum of \$5,128,170, and 58 miscellaneous gifts. The principal giver was Andrew Carnegie, but the money gifts other than his amounted to \$4,118,670. More than half this amount was given for endowment funds for general library purposes, an increasing tendency in this direction being noted. From 1881 to 1905 Mr. Carnegie provided 620 towns in the United States, including Porto Rico, with 780 libraries, at a cost of \$29,194,080, serving a population of more than 14,000,000 people. Nearly nineteen per cent. of the whole population of the United States is served with Carnegie libraries alone. The idea that actuated Mr. Carnegie, that libraries are the cradles of democracy, continues to gather force.

BOSTON LETTER

A. REMINGTON.

IN the last Labor Bulletin of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, issued this week, there is a digest of the Sunday laws of all the States of the United States, as far as they have such laws. Mention is made also of the Sunday laws of European countries, so the reader will get in a few pages a very accurate idea of the Sunday legislation of the civilized world. No national law exists in this country, the subject being under State jurisdiction. The only States or Territory without Sunday laws are Arizona, Idaho and Nevada. All of the others name Sunday as the day of rest, except California, which merely specifies that labor shall not be performed "more than six days in seven." The report summarizes the situation in this country as follows:

"There is a wide variance in the character of the laws of the several States as to restrictions, provisions, and exemptions, but with the exception of Colorado and Montana the laws are general in forbidding the performance of any labor on Sunday except the customary domestic duties of daily requirement and works of charity and necessity. Colorado and Montana forbid the business of barbering on Sunday, while the Colorado law on Sunday labor also prohibits the sale of liquor. The laws of practically all the divisions contain special mention in their Sunday labor regulations as to the practicing of barbering and the operation of railroads."

The States have no common definition for Sunday time, some making the day to include only the time between sunrise and sunset, while others make it include the twenty-four hours from midnight to midnight. The States are pretty uniform in allowing work on Sunday to those who believe conscientiously that the seventh day of the week ought to be observed as the Sabbath, but such persons must not disturb other people by their labors. But it seems as if there must be general laxity in Sunday observance, for the report says: "The numerous exceptions attendant to the general prohibitions of Sunday labor in many States take away in a large degree the stringency of the measure, so that there is comparatively little force in its operation" — which is another way of saying that the Sunday laws do not amount to much. But it is to be noted that a New York court has just taken positive ground against Sunday baseball, though the steady eastward progress of the practice of Sunday ball seems to show that the East is becoming westernized. One of our suburban churches has had under discussion the existence of Sunday golf, tennis and baseball in its vicinity, and though no action was taken, yet the judgment of the majority seemed to be that it would be better for the individuals, as citizens, to secure the interference of the authorities, than for the church, as a formal religious body, to be taking a hand in civil affairs.

John Hay

Wherever the name of John Hay is mentioned with regret for his departure, when he might have been of large service had he remained on earth, it is frequent to hear special mention of his service to the peace of mankind. This seems to be the one point in respect to which he took strongest hold upon the appreciation of the people. His emphatic words for peace at the opening of the Universal Peace Congress in Boston last October made an impression which shows itself now. There is now made public for the first time a note written by Mr. Hay himself to Richard L. Gay, secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Trade, acknowledging the receipt of a resolution last December in favor of international arbitration which had been adopted by the

board and sent to Mr. Hay for his information and encouragement, one sentence of which is: "The Department is always glad to receive evidence of the growing tendency of the people of the world to seek for and welcome any practical means of extending the sway of peace and averting the arbitrament of war in the settlement of differences between governments."

Hopes for China

It has been my pleasure to meet the Chinese reformer, Kang Yu Wei, and his secretary, Mr. Chew. The price which was set on the reformer's head has been removed, so that it is now safe for him to be in China. His secretary acts as his interpreter, and Mr. Kang says, through him, that the outlook for political reform in China is highly encouraging. Their purpose is to do what Japan has done. They wish to introduce a constitutional government, and Mr. Kang says that it looks now as if they should secure the change within a few years. If they do, they will have accomplished a marvelous reform; and if they secure it without bloodshed, they may congratulate themselves on their advantages over other patriots in similar causes, where many of them have lost their heads, and many have been imprisoned, and where it has been the work of many long years to secure their reform. Indeed, in many instances, such suffering has gone for nothing. Mr. Chew says that China now feels safe from dismemberment and that it will follow the example of Japan as rapidly as possible in making changes in the government. Evidently China is opening its eyes.

The Safe and Sane Fourth

Judge Emmons' memory as police commissioner is not likely to suffer in the hearts of the people of Boston as they perpetuate and improve upon his policy of a safe and sane Fourth of July. It is worth while to recall his accomplishment with gratitude, for the new Commissioner Cole has followed in the Judge's tracks and has enforced with the strictness born of the successful experience of last year the regulations against the night rowdiness and horrible noises which have destroyed the day for all sane purposes hitherto for a great many of the people. Not Boston only, but many other cities and towns in Massachusetts have found by practical test that it is possible for the police to hold down the noisy element and to give the people comparative quiet until daylight. The current having begun to run in that direction, there is no reason why it should not continue, as it promises to do, and the racket which has been as savage as it has been unpatriotic is evidently doomed to eternal oblivion, provided the people keep up their present policy.

Summer Sunday Services

Philanthropic people naturally wish to improve the Sunday for the throngs of men, women and children who gather at our parks on summer Sundays. But the practical question is whether Sunday services can be kept up, and, if so, whether they do sufficient good to warrant it. One warm-hearted effort of the sort which was begun last summer is not ended. It was supposed that the owners of the grounds in a highly popular resort, where thousands go every Sunday from Boston, would give the use of the grounds free. The effort was purely for love of humanity, and it was expected that services would be gratis. But, of course, the musicians had to be paid. Various preachers, more or less popular, generally more so, took turns Sunday afternoons. Several hundreds of people came and sat during the exercises, hearing the music, preaching and praying, and some hundreds more hung around the edges.

The series closed. This year the company puts in a large bill for the use of the grounds; there is a financial hole for somebody to fill, no means exist of getting any one to fill it, and Sunday services at that park have not been resumed yet this summer, and there is no talk of doing so as long as last year's bills are not paid.

Personal Mention

Ashton Lee, of Lawrence, has been elected by the Massachusetts State Board of Trade as its delegate to the Universal Peace Congress, which will begin its sessions at Lucerne, Sept. 19. Delegates will also be sent by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, the Cincinnati Peace Society, the Philadelphia Universal Peace Union, and the New York Friends Yearly Meeting. It is expected that business men will attend the Congress more than ever before, and that the country will have a larger representation than at any time since the great meeting in London in 1850, when over fifty men from the United States were present.

About all the funds for the memorial to Senator Hoar in Worcester have been raised that are necessary, and the work of erection will doubtless proceed presently. The committee on a memorial to him in the State House have recommended a bust to be placed in one of the niches in Memorial Hall, where it will find most fitting surroundings.

Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark, who was too much prostrated by nervous trouble to be at the Christian Endeavor Convention in Baltimore, is at his home at Pine Point, near Portland, Me., for the summer. The movement to raise a fund of \$1,000,000 for a central building in Boston for the organization has much of its inspiration in the thought that it will be in part a tribute to his labors in founding and promoting the Society.

Edward Atkinson is going to Europe this summer with many copies of his plan for the neutralization of the lanes of ocean commerce, to see if he cannot secure national agreement to the plan by which the commerce of the world is to be exempt from the perils and injustice of war between nations whereby commerce on the high seas is subjected to vague but real peril.

While it will be a great event for the peace between Russia and Japan to be negotiated at Portsmouth by Marquis Ito, M. Witte, and the other plenipotentiaries, and all will be glad when a speedy conclusion is reached, yet observers wonder why some much cooler place in some near locality was not selected, as easily might have been.

So long is the list of the men who were honored this year by complimentary degrees from their alma maters and other institutions that it gives hope that almost any one who wants such distinction may get it in a year or two at the present rate of progress. By the way, has any one noticed that the daily papers have almost entirely ceased to use the commonplace and unflattering "Hon.," and that other expressions of compliment are falling into innocuous desuetude?

Governor Douglas seems determined not to run again as candidate for governor of Massachusetts, though he said to Congressman Sullivan that he believed he could be elected, if he should run. His taste for private life and for business differs from that of most men who have had a taste of public life.

Boston, July 11.

MAPS AND GUIDES

THE young man took a vacation tour not long ago on his bicycle. He rode away bravely and blithely with the road map in his pocket. Well he followed it, too, for he came back safe, sun-browned and confident. Last summer his vacation took him into the wilderness of the great north country. Before ever he started away the young man had learned that now he needed something more than a map. He must have, for river and rapid, for carry and camp, a guide, alert, strong and experienced. The wilderness way called for a guide and not for a map.

In the morning of life perhaps it seems to us that we never shall need more than a map. We are told to sing Henley's song, "I am the Captain of my Soul." It is well to sing it, too; we ought neither to cringe nor to fret. The day grows to noon, however; the wilderness trail strikes off from the beaten way. Then we must have a guide. Captains of the soul still, and masters of our fate, but demanding some one to go forward, before and still with us, to show us the way that he himself has trodden.

This is the place of the living Christ with the soul on its wilderness trail. He is the guide. There are many maps; there is only one Guide. He knows the way, for He has passed along its weary length, treading it for us men and our salvation. The living Christ is Guide. We are safe with Him.

THE NEW EVANGELISM *

IT ought on no account to be supposed that he is an enemy of evangelism who holds that new conditions demand new methods, and that the old processes once so successful are, in some communities at least, to a considerable degree out of date, not so productive of results as others which may be substituted for them. This is the position of the author of the very excellent book noted below. He is a friend of revivals. He takes for granted the reality of the conversion experience as something that has been firmly established by fullest investigation. He strongly favors "a straightforward appeal to the intellect and conscience of men," resulting in a deliberate decision for righteousness. He believes that we cannot have too much of the right kind of emotion. "Sentiment which is deep and true and held in leash of the reason is as valuable an asset for a nation as for an individual."

But in tracing the course of religious revivals in their various manifestations and characteristics for the past few centuries in this country and elsewhere — he studies the ghost-dance among the North American Indians, the religion of the American negro, the Scotch-Irish revival in Kentucky in 1800, the Scotch-Irish revival in Ulster in 1859, the revivals under Edwards, Wesley, Finney, Moody — he finds certain traits that he calls "primitive." The primitive man, the aboriginal human being, acts from

impulse and imitation, has a high degree of nervous instability and suggestibility, is exceedingly imaginative and easily wrought upon by fear. These he terms "primitive traits," and their place in revivals he considers to have been a very prominent one. He traces out the jerkings and the jumpings, the fallings and the swoonings, of past periods, nervous phenomena which have steadily disappeared with the growth of intelligence, the broadening of experience, the elimination of irrational fear and gross emotional excitement. The serious functional derangement of the nervous system which produced these curious results has largely passed away, save in certain sections and certain types. The author concludes that the "gift of tongues" in early times was closely related to these things, and counts it a mark of the splendid sanity of St. Paul that he rated this gift so low, clearly discerning its unfruitfulness and the injury that was being inflicted through it upon the higher life of the Corinthian congregation. The spirits of the prophets shall be subject to the critical discrimination of the prophets, said the apostle, for God is not a God of mental chaos, but of rational peace and joy.

Why are most revivals followed by so large a number of lapses, so that in some cases where thousands profess conversion only hundreds get even so far as the door of the church? Is it not because they were simply victims of the powerful forces of suggestion and invitation, and not converts in any high sense whatever? Is it not an instance of the wholesale hypnotization of weak or recalcitrant wills? This is Prof. Davenport's opinion, and it is the sort of thing he strongly deprecates. He does not want men to yield to the lower motives, but to the higher; not to be carried away by an overwhelming flood of feeling, and crude, irrational fear, but by an intelligent insight into the error of their ways and a true volitional action toward a new life. "Impulsive self-surrender is injurious to a wholesome and normal religious experience. Deliberative self-devotion is quite another matter." "Conversion in the New Testament is a phenomenon in which thought and will and conduct play the chief part. The sudden and convulsive type of religious conversion has never been universal." The growth of calm and disciplined habits in religion is to be encouraged. As Hugh Price Hughes declared: "No degree of evangelistic zeal can compensate for the loss of intelligent and rational faith." "Any attempt to maintain the extravagantly emotional methods of other days breaks down utterly and inevitably in the midst of city life." "The days of the emotional stampeding of a town are passing away in religion just as they are in politics."

The decline of revivalism in the more highly developed sections of the country, over which we are apt to grieve, is not so much because the people are gospel-hardened as because they are method-hardened. It is due partly to the great growth in knowledge through public education, the enormously increased facilities for communication, the struggle and competition of modern life in the great centres. "They who are preaching a revival of old time revivalism in the highly dev

oped sections of America are fighting against the stars in their courses. Recurring tides of faith there may be for generations to come, but they will steadily change in character from those of the old régime. It will require a more rational method to win men in the modern age." There is no national decline in morals, in sympathy, in integrity, in quick conscience, in sense of social responsibility, or in real enthusiasm for pure and undefiled religion.

The new evangelism places the emphasis upon the native religious impulse of children and youth. A sound family religion furnishes the only sufficient basis for healthy evangelism. We must teach boys and girls that they are born for the higher life of religion and the church just as they are born for the higher life of politics and the state; that enrollment for citizenship in the spiritual kingdom of the invisible Father is as natural and sensible as enrollment in the voting population of the nation. The best sort of a Christian life is the product of a gradual dawning of a sweet and trustful God-consciousness upon the maturing mind and heart of a human being. The ideal way is the path of Christian nurture and not of revival rapture. Not that the days of "crowd" evangelism are altogether done, but the emphasis of preaching and the manner of winning men to a more normal and rational life will undergo modification. The new evangelism will speak less of the soul's depravity and more of its infinite worth, its surpassing dignity; will honor the moral initiative of man without seeking to entrap it or override it, or coerce it, or engulf it. A supreme effort will be exerted to make men *think* rather than feel. The modern, not the medieval, view of the character of the Heavenly Father will be proclaimed. Salvation will no longer seem to be a means of escape from the sharks of perdition, but rather will appear to be the natural fulfillment of a worthy life. The days of religious effervescence and passionless unrestraint are dying. The days of intelligent, undemonstrative and self-sacrificing piety are dawning. The earnest preaching of great truths in their modern light, a straightforward appeal to the intellect and conscience of men, a passionate devotion to the highest ethical ideals, a social rather than an individualistic church that shall truly set men at work for the kingdom of heaven — this is the program of the new evangelism. The converts may be few; they may be many. They will be measured not by the capacity of the preacher for administrative hypnotism, but rather by the capacity for unselfish friendship of every Christian man and woman.

The influence upon the world of growing men in our time is to be more and more the indefinable and the unobtrusive influence of personal character. Here lies the crux of the question for modern evangelism. Nothing will sooner put to shame the sordid materialism of an intensely active and commercialistic nation than the fearless and intelligent proclamation and practice of the principles which controlled the human life of Christ. It is inconceivable that the righteousness and love of God, revealed in the character and activities of Jesus of Nazareth, have lost

*PRIMITIVE TRAITS IN RELIGIOUS REVIVALS; A Study in Mental and Social Evolution. By Frederick Morgan Davenport, Professor in Theology at Hamilton College. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50, net.

their power of individual and social regeneration. The goal of an aggressive and rational evangelism is the spiritual vivification of the multitude, and there are not lacking signs that we are steadily approaching this goal.

From Phillips Brooks to Rector Mann

WHAT is the distance from Phillips Brooks to Dr. Mann? What resemblances or contrasts are observed by those who worshiped in this church twenty-five years ago and at the present time? Those who were privileged to listen to Phillips Brooks can never forget what they heard nor the impressions which our "Robertson of Brighton" made upon them. To a large number of young ministers in and about Boston Brooks first spoke with authority, and answered the throbbing inquiries which the newer age of questioning and doubt had ushered in. To them he was a prophet and revelator indeed, the soul of "reality," and they well-nigh idolized him. Although a churchman, he was too large in his nature, visions, and experience to be conventional or a traditionalist. He was brotherly in the most gracious and delightful sense, and was often heard in Methodist pulpits as well as in those of other denominations. The ritual and the Prayer-Book were not magnified as of special grace or necessity. Indeed, the services that we shall longest remember were vespers Sunday afternoons at 4 o'clock. These services were beautifully simple. With a large card in hand, on which were printed some familiar hymns, he would announce a number and ask all to sing. Then he would read the Scripture lesson, and conclude that part of the service by falling upon his knees and leading in an extempore prayer. A heart-to-heart talk—such as he only could give—for twenty minutes, exhorting as a Baptist, Congregationalist, or Methodist would, was the revelatory and inspiring feature of those wonderful occasions. It is not surprising that thoughtful men and women thronged Trinity Church whenever Phillips Brooks was to be heard, and that it became a Jerusalem to aspiring souls on both sides of the water. It is doubted if any church in the wide world so largely ministered to a certain class of people who yearned with unspeakable earnestness and sincerity to know the truth, that they might live it.

Then came Dr. Donald. Different indeed was he, as he must of nature be. But it was the unanimous and grateful verdict of Trinity Church and all denominations that he met the unusual demand made upon him, in following Brooks, with marked success; and it is a well-known fact that the work of the parish thrived under him. He was a man of the modern Christian and theological spirit, with much of the breadth, tolerance, fearlessness and brotherliness of his predecessor. Those, therefore, who had enjoyed the ministry of Phillips Brooks still sought Trinity Church, and heard nothing unexpected, incongruous or disappointing from Dr. Donald. He was Protestant Episcopalian, but not a rigid churchman. He, also, was too large for the traditional notions which prevail in so large part of this communion. Trinity Church maintained its reputation for breadth, catholicity, and thoughtful and modern preaching under the immediate successor of Phillips Brooks. Planted on the "Rock of Ages," the Deity of Jesus Christ, which carried their whole nature with the passion of great

souls, Drs. Brooks and Donald could not be strenuous over minor matters of creed and church practice.

How is it under the new rector, Dr. Mann? Does he continue the normal succession? Does he exhibit resemblances to his predecessors in those qualities which have made Trinity Church famous? Is the church likely to maintain its peculiar reputation under his ministry? We think not. Dr. Mann is of a different type. Those who have worshiped with Drs. Brooks and Donald will be constrained, as they now attend Trinity, to note contrasts rather than resemblances. With generous appreciation for his success in East Orange, and wholly prejudged in his favor, we are yet forced to the conclusion, after hearing him, that Trinity Church enters upon a new and different career and mission under his ministry. The services are decidedly more ritualistic and churchly. Indeed, there seems to be a determined effort to bring about a radical change in this respect. We missed particularly the large, catholic, modern note so clearly heard in Drs. Brooks and Donald.

We would not be understood as predicting, in any degree, that Dr. Mann will not succeed in Boston. We expect him to repeat in this city the success which he achieved in New Jersey. He may not, we think he will not, retain the congregation which has worshiped at Trinity, but he will secure a new and not less loyal contingent. He will gradually gather and maintain his own constituency. To some the change will be a loss; to others it will seem a larger local gain. He is right in being himself, and doing the work of his parish according to his own convictions. Certainly, the HERALD wishes him the largest possible success in this city.

Looking for Vacation

VACATION is a joy to him who waits long for it, and who can enter upon it with a sense of duty well done. When, after the fall of Atlanta, General Sherman and General Grant had a little correspondence, the former wrote to the latter: "If you can whip Lee, and I can march to the Atlantic, I think Uncle Abe will give us a twenty days' leave of absence to see the young folks." When the campaign is over—or at least when some of its successive stages are successfully accomplished—veteran workers or combatants turn with longing to restful home scenes. And when the last campaign of life is over, the leave will be for more than twenty days, and spent amid happier scenes than are ever viewed or visited on this battle-scarred, burnt-over earth.

Confucius Taught the Silver Rule

IN the long address delivered at Park Street Church, Mr. Kang Yu Wei, the distinguished Chinese reformer, made one statement which should not be allowed to pass unchallenged. Alluding to the past achievements of the Chinese—undeniably remarkable in many ways—he is reported to have said that "Confucius taught the golden rule in China long before it was formulated by Jesus Christ." Happily some of Mr. Kang's other statements were more accurate than this. Confucius never taught any golden rule. What he taught was at best what might be termed a silver rule—Do not unto others as you would not have them do unto you. There he stopped—content with a kind of negative passivity of morals. Jesus Christ went on to say, Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you—thus sounding the call to a positive sacrifice for others and to an aggressively helpful altruism. The individual who can-

not see the vast distance between these two positions must indeed be blindly prejudiced for Confucius and against Christ. The word of Christ transcends while it includes the half-way morality of Confucius. Confucius was no doubt a good man, so far as he went, but he did not, because he could not, measure up to the stature of a divine and supremely authoritative teacher.

Criminal to Drink

A PHILADELPHIA coroner, in passing upon an automobile accident which had a fatal consequence, declares that in his opinion it is a criminal action for a man driving an automobile through city streets to stop at a saloon and get a drink. No doubt it is; but is it any better for any man, rich or poor, who is in a position of responsibility toward his fellows (and who is not?) to stop at a bar and take a drink? This tolerance of saloons for any class of people is utterly illogical, and the public ought to deem it insufferable. The vagabond classes do not deserve a drink, and the respectable working classes should reserve their strength—which may at any moment be taxed with serious responsibilities—from wastage through drink.

The Other Fellow

A NEWTONVILLE poet, who is hardly Miltonic in conception or Tennysonian in metrical versification, has perpetrated the following lines, which appear in a daily print:

"In judgin' of our feller men,
An' givin' them thare doo,
Don't you forget to bear in mind
That you're a 'feller' too."

It is this "forgettin'," by some of the "fellers," that they are "fellers," that has to account for many of the misunderstandings, bickerings and jealousies that disturb the peace even, at times, of the churches themselves. Good Dr. Edwards Park of Andover used to say to his classes: "Young gentlemen, there is a good deal of human nature in man." And Lincoln is accredited with the saying: "There is a good deal of human nature lying around loose everywhere." The man himself who is so human is the very last person who should forget that fact. The sentiment of the Newtonville poet, so homely expressed, is not far from the teaching of Romans 2: 1: "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things."

Appreciates Wesley

PROF. DAVENPORT, of Hamilton College, whose vigorous book on revivals we have reviewed in another column, pays high tribute to Wesley and his work. He calls him "the most terribly impressive preacher that England ever knew. It would be hard to mention a man whose influence over an audience can be so perfectly described by the term 'awful.'" "Such was the overwhelming influence of the man that those who were not ready to submit to his will and his message were afraid to listen to him." "The shock of his dominating and fascinating personality, his plain and searching speech, and his demand for instantaneous decision, fell with terrific force upon the plastic mental and nervous organization of his hearers." "Did ever Cromwell or Napoleon exhibit to the world finer volitional fibre than Wesley?" "He grew to be the very embodiment of the sound sense of the Saxon,

his controlling emotion came to be the love of his fellow-man, and he gave himself throughout a long life, with the utter abandon of unselfishness, to the cause of the English people." "His greatest service was not to the church, but to democracy." "A French revolution was rendered impossible." "At least one of the sources of the sanity and intelligence of the trades-union movement in Great Britain is the Wesleyan revival." "There was not a practical reform mooted in eighteenth-century England which he did not further with his voice and with his pen." "And it is this eminent service to his country and his century which entitles him to be known as the social figure, *par excellence*, among modern revivalists."

As Prof. Davenport is not himself a Methodist, these few sentences from his just and able characterization of the great founder of Methodism are all the more worthy of quotation and preservation.

Condition of Bishop Joyce

OUR readers will be greatly interested in the following letter, thoughtfully written by Bishop Berry to the editor from Chicago, on July 13:

"I spent yesterday in Minneapolis. For an hour or two it was my privilege to sit at the bedside of Bishop Joyce. I found him about as he has been since the sudden attack which prostrated him. He is quite comfortable. His temperature is normal, and his heart seems to be in good condition. He understood perfectly what I said to him, and I caught some of his replies. His entire right side is paralyzed, and of course this seriously affects his articulation. A conversation with Dr. Smith, the physician, leaves very little room for hope of recovery.

"His religious experience is what we would expect. He is trustful, restful, peaceful. Several times in my two conversations with him he expressed his utter confidence in the Redeemer and broke out in exclamations of great joy. From indications it seems probable that he may linger for some days. I found the Bishop in a beautiful home, the joint property of his son, Mr. Frank M. Joyce, and himself. Mrs. Joyce is, as those who know her would expect, trustful and calm. The only anxiety expressed by the Bishop was a deep solicitude for the welfare of the Conferences over which he was appointed to preside in the autumn."

Robert Russell Wright

Jan. 21, 1811 — July 9, 1905

IN the death of Robert R. Wright, Wilbraham has lost its foremost citizen, whose figure had been venerable in its shaded streets for more than a generation. For a long period he had been the oldest living trustee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and he took his seat in the corporation of the Wesleyan Academy when Abel Bliss and William Rice, Senior, were active members. Eighty years ago, when but a lad holding his father's hand, he saw and heard Wilbur Fisk deliver his inaugural address, and the exulting call to culture of that beautiful prophet made music in his soul ever after. He never could speak of that occasion — and he would quote many a choice phrase — without a certain elevation of tone and distinction of manner. He had shared the prophet's vision, and every remembrance of it was glorious. But filial duties kept him on the home farm and made him the village merchant. He taught school for a time, however, and the

high ambitions of his boyhood were never quenched.

He was a gentleman of the old school, in whom thrift and integrity, courtesy and courage, were birthright virtues. Of quiet tastes, gentle manners, refined thought and devout spirit, his life of patient industry enriched all whom it touched. He had the poet's ear, though he never wrote a line. He had quick discernment of what was excellent, whether in Shakespeare or Emily Dickinson, and no university credential was needed to guide his sure literary judgment. His well-considered speech was often keen with old-fashioned New England wit. He had the painter's eye, though his hand never held a brush. He rejoiced daily in the natural beauties of his native town, and knew where the early flowers bloomed and the winter chambers of the setting sun. The feelings of the farmer's boy would stir him when the spring brooks ran full, and, even in his old age, he would slip away to the meadow to wet the angler's line. And a genuine philosopher was he, too, albeit ignorant of the technical verbiage of the schools and undisturbed by the scientific strife of the last half-century. He



THE LATE ROBERT RUSSELL WRIGHT

was content with a modest livelihood and the generous esteem of his kindred and neighbors. From his quiet home he had watched, with an interest unabated to the last, the fall of empires and the steady victories of the Christian faith that had never failed him. Unvexed by the strain and tumult of our modern artificial life, he filled with dignity the measure of his days.

The funeral services were held in the beautiful Memorial Church in whose erection he had been active, and called together a large company. The pastor, Rev. A. L. Howe, read the Scriptures, and prayer was offered by the venerable Rev. M. S. Howard, of the Congregational Church, who is so affectionately known to hundreds of old Wilbraham students. The address was given by Principal William R. Newhall of the Academy, whose gifted father, Dr. Fales H. Newhall, it was, who fifty years before had brought comfort to Father Wright when he sat with his motherless children about him. He was a brother of the late George L. Wright, of Trinity Church, Springfield, and he is survived by one son, Robert R. Wright, Jr., ex-mayor of Denver, and two daughters, Mrs. J. W. Kellogg, of East Orange, N. J., and Miss Emily E. Wright, who for so long has tenderly ministered to her father's declining years. There are grandchildren and great grandchildren who rise up to revere his name.

No longer will his eager, upturned face inspire the village preacher, and never again will Robert R. Wright answer to his

name among the trustees of the Academy he loved so well. His life was an open book, whose message all could read — Godliness with contentment is great gain.

PERSONALS

— Bishop Thomas Bowman observed his 88th birthday, July 15. He is enjoying excellent health, and has been visiting his daughter in Baltimore.

— Rev. C. E. Davis, of Westfield, will deliver the Old Home Week address at Melrose, Sunday evening, July 30.

— At the late Commencement of Ohio Wesleyan University the degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Byron Palmer, of the East Ohio Conference, author of "God's White Throne."

— The announcement is made in the *Christian World* of London that Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, is to be married to Miss Annie Davies, the singing evangelist, who has been helping him in his mission work in Wales.

— President W. R. Harper, of Chicago University, writes to a friend that the statements concerning his health are false, and that he is "improving every day," with strong hope of ultimate recovery.

— Rev. Wilbur F. Sheridan, D. D., pastor of Mt. Vernon Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, Md., was one of the speakers before a preparatory meeting of Christian Endeavorers in his city, where 15,000 were present.

— Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. M. Dick will spend their vacation in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Mail addressed to them at Manhattan Hotel, Digby, Nova Scotia, will reach them.

— A touch of romance attaches to the naming of Alberta, the vast province of Northwestern Canada, the Marquis of Lorne having written for the occasion the following "name-stanza":

"In token of the love which thou hast shown
For this wide land of freedom, I have named
A province vast, and for its beauty famed,
By thy dear name to be hereafter known —
Alberta shall it be!"

The appropriateness of this dedication appears when it is remembered that the full name of Princess Louise, for whom the promising province is named, is Louise Caroline Alberta.

— Paul Thomas Gilbert, son of Editor Gilbert, of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and Miss Louise Dainty were married in Chicago, July 1. Mr. Gilbert is on the staff of the *Chicago Tribune*, and is a regular contributor to one of the departments of the *Western*.

— On Tuesday, July 11, Rev. Vincent Ravi, pastor of the Winchester Methodist Episcopal Church, sailed from New York on the steamer "Slavonia" of the Cunard line for Naples, Italy. At the last meeting of the official board it was decided to give the pastor a vacation of six weeks, in view of the fact that he was planning to visit his parents in Rome. He expects to be at his work again the latter part of August.

— Rev. Thomas E. Chandler, of First Church, Pawtucket, New England Southern Conference, is transferred to the South Kansas Conference and stationed at Paola; and Rev. S. A. Ross, of the church in that place, is transferred to the New England Southern and stationed at Pawtucket.

— Dr. H. L. E. Luerling, who has been connected with the Mission in Malaysia since the fall of 1899, arrived in New York on the steamer "Pennsylvania," Thursday, July 13. Dr. Luerling is making his first

visit to the United States and is on his second furlough, most of which he is spending with his family in Germany, his native land. He will spend the remainder of the summer and early months of the fall in representing the Malaysia Mission before the English and German speaking congregations in the United States.

— It is well for every politician, even if a statesman, to have a trade on which he can fall back when out of a political position. M. Combes until a short time ago was the honored and illustrious Prime Minister of France. But now that "Old Father Combes" is out of a public job, he is thrown upon his own resources, which happen to be those of a physician, and he is accordingly peacefully practicing medicine — we hope not to the injury of his patients — in his native village.

BRIEFLETS

When a man is driven to his knees, he comes, not to his last resort, but to his first real and vital resource.

The Prohibitory Law in Maine is a good deal alive when, as on July 17, two men were sentenced in Portland for selling whiskey from bottles which they carried in their pockets. Alfred Winn was fined \$600 and costs and sentenced to eleven months in jail. Thomas H. Brogan was sentenced to seven months in jail and fined \$500 and costs.

Commander Peary succeeded in raising the residue of the sum he thought necessary for the full equipment of his Arctic expedition, and the "Roosevelt" sailed from New York last Saturday. No women or children were taken on the ship. Commander Peary has the good wishes of that somewhat small, if select, circle of enthusiasts on the subject of the exploration of the polar regions, and all Americans will entertain a kind of a sneaking desire to learn that the Stars and Stripes has been the first flag to be raised on the North Pole — if there is any pole in any other than a liquid sense.

Finish the task in hand; plough to the end of the furrow; make every beginning the logical outcome of something already achieved.

The Peace of Berlin is a familiar datum in modern diplomatic history, and certainly any city or town may feel honored if it becomes the trysting-place for a new love in place of the old hate between nations. How, now, would "The Peace of Portsmouth" sound, if, as a result of the deliberations of the Russian and Japanese envoys at Portsmouth, Maine, that city becomes immortalized by having its name attached to the consummation of a friendly understanding between Russia and Japan, and the inauguration of a new era in Far Eastern affairs, which may have now unguessed and immeasurable possibilities for mankind?

The prayers that God most loves to grant are those that have been preceded, and are still accompanied, by the most strenuous human effort.

Rev. John W. Butler, D. D., writes from Mexico under date of July 5: "In ZION'S HERALD of June 28, on page 822, I notice your review of Dr. Winton's interesting book on Mexico. Unfortunately, the statistics therein published of our mission were those pertaining to 1903, and therefore we are put at a disadvantage. Then they

have a border Conference, and therefore their statistics include some work in Texas. I think in members we are about equal."

Rev. N. M. Learned, D. D., of Warrensburg, N. Y., writes: "I have just received the last issue of ZION'S HERALD (July 12), and read Dr. Bass' letter about old Vermont, and it gives me a streak of homesickness. God bless Vermont! Please send me an extra copy of July 12. I want to send it to an absent Vermonter."

The committee of twenty five to which was referred the matter of securing the services of Dr. Wilbur Chapman, for an evangelistic campaign at Boston, report that Dr. Chapman has accepted the invitation, and will hold services here through the month of January, 1906. He will be assisted by a corps of the most distinguished pastors and evangelists of the country.

In an editorial paragraph on "The Ministry of Commendation" the *Indian Witness* tells of a boy who failed in a race because his boyish mates did not cheer him. The discouragement due to this neglect, he explained afterward, "got into his legs," and he could not run. There is many an older boy in life's race who lags, and finally perhaps fails, because those to whom he might naturally have looked for sympathy did not cheer him. There is much in a "Hurrah!" at the proper juncture — as many a competing college athlete has found. Be sure and give the timely cheer to your laboring fellow man, lest discouragements "get into his legs" and he be unable to run to a finish the heavenly race!

Bishop Fowler told the girls of Lasell Seminary, at the recent Commencement: "There is some power in the merely fashionable woman, but she cannot be the real woman of the future, for she is too light." The man or woman who lives simply for the fashions leads really a most contemptible life. There are fashions — the usages of a polite society — which need to be regarded, but the individual who thinks most of forms and ceremonies, and not at all of the spirit and aim of all existence, is indeed, as Bishop Fowler intimates, "too light" for the purposes of modern civilization.

Men may let God alone, but He will not let them alone. They may slight Him, but they cannot escape Him. Humanity has again and again in the course of human history tried to dispense with God, only, when it attempted to do so, to find its hope recoil upon itself in deep despair, and the lamp of its faith and feeling go out in utter darkness. God is the Inescapable One, and the One who least of all should be escaped, if that were possible.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance, the parent temperance fraternity, with representatives from the United States and Canada, held its 621 annual meeting at Asbury Park, N. J., last week. There was a relatively large attendance of delegates. The presiding officer is Hon. W. B. Burgoyne, a staunch Methodist of St. Catharines, Ontario, and for years its temperance mayor. Among the active participants were Rev. C. H. Mead, of New York, and Gen. Louis Wagner, of Philadelphia. The session was especially honored with the attendance of Hon. William Wightman, a member of the London County Council, who brought greetings and a special message from the Order in Great Britain, of which he is the secretary, and which has gained 20,000

members in the last four years, chiefly through its insurance features. The entire session was harmonious and optimistic. Special reference was made to the decease of Rev. Dr. Lathern, of Halifax, long a prominent worker in the Order. Recent large gains were reported from Prince Edward Island, where the Sons of Temperance, as in some other sections, notably Nova Scotia, Ontario and Pennsylvania, are energetic and influential. The next session will be held in Toronto.

God's kingdom is coming, but it is not coming like the car of Juggernaut. It must wait for the willingness of every man, woman and child — a willingness, not to be crushed, but to be lifted up and carried forward to a higher and better life.

That the hot weather is not an insuperable obstacle to the success of evangelistic services is shown by the following, which appears in the *Congregationalist*: "A successful evangelistic campaign, led by Rev. M. H. Lyon and Mr. George H. Williams, began early in June and has just closed. It was in progress during June, and practically all the churches of the city united in it. The large tent used seated about 1,200. Over 200 persons have professed conversion, and a deep impression has been made on the public mind."

"Experience," it has been said, "is the teacher of fools, but it graduates saints." It does when it is experience of the right kind. Experience of the practical worth of God's promises, and sometimes experience of disappointment and of sorrow, develops the stronger powers of the soul, expresses the real sweetness that is in it, and makes its hard-won and perhaps hard-beaten character to be a savor of a fragrant aroma to all about it.

What is a rainbow but just clouds and everyday sunshine, far enough away to be marvelously beautiful? Some time we may see many things, that seem prospectively common and near at hand now, even thus glorified.

General W. W. Blackmar Dead

GEN. W. W. BLACKMAR, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a prominent citizen of Boston, died at Boise, Idaho, July 16. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1841. His father was a clergyman, a native of Massachusetts and moved to Boston in the early fifties. His mother was a native of New Hampshire. While young Blackmar was preparing for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, the war broke out, and he hastened to enlist. His war experience included thrilling experiences in the battles of Antietam, Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Richmond and Petersburg. On the field of Five Forks he was promoted to a captaincy by General Custer, and for that service was awarded a medal of honor by Congress in 1897. At the close of the Civil War General Blackmar resumed his studies, and was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1867. Though he never held any high elective office, he was a member of the Boston City Council in 1872-1873, and for twelve years served as Judge-Advocate-General during the administrations of Governors Washburn, Talbot, Rice and Long. In 1897 he was nominated for Governor by the Prohibitionists. His home life was ideal, his patriotism intense, and his love for his comrades of the Grand Army unbounded.

A Homily in Green

REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT.

Ivy on battered castle seen,
That, hiding old-time conflicts' traces,
The deep-cut scars and yawning spaces
Concealing that which else defaces,
Ruin invests with tender graces —
Is but a homily in green.

Symbol and token this to thee
Of that rare, tender human feeling,
The Past's sad, cruel woundings healing,
The scars of character concealing
And only inward grace revealing —
God-given, kindly charity!

Who are They?

W. F. W.

BEFORE me lies a catalogue of seventy-eight Christian women. The only information given is their names, their homes, and their relation to the church of God. They have never met. They have no president or secretary. Their association has no name or organ, yet the names of new members come in all too fast. They have never by so much as a circular letter among themselves authorized any person, man or woman, to speak for them. It is rarely, if ever, that the widest reader has seen an allusion to the existence of such a sisterhood. The power and influence of its sacred membership is, nevertheless, such that the mind of no mortal can begin to esti-

mate it. In silence and seclusion, yet in a sense of precious fellowship, each of their blessed number is daily companying with their common Lord, and toiling for the further triumph of His kingdom. With each individual name are associated tender memories that can never, never die. It warmed my heart this morning as I prayed for each by name. It will warm yours, good reader, if with reverence and devout meditation you will do the same. You will find the catalogue in the eighteenth chapter of the Minutes of the New England Conference.

Holy Sisters, God bless you every one!
Orate pro nobis!

Hyannisport, Mass.

ALONG AN OLD LANE

JAMES BUCKHAM.

NATURE'S most stubborn line of retreat before civilization and the so-called "modern improvements" of park-making and landscape gardening, is along the old lanes that still survive on the borderland between city and country. Pushed hard on every side, here Nature rallies her forces and falls back slowly and with determined front. The city man who buys a farm in some outlying suburb for a "summer home," and proceeds forthwith to cityfy and parkify it, usually surrenders its old lanes, if it has any, to Nature. And the reason for this is by no means the redeeming bit of sentiment that he is sometimes given credit for. It is a quite practical and prosaic reason, after all. The city man cannot get along without his country milk, and the old lane on his farm belongs, most likely, to his cows. It is their path to and from the pasture. The farm-lane has been the cows' highway from time immemorial; it is the road by which they bring home at night that delicious golden fluid which adds the sublimating touch to everything luxurious and delicious in the category of food.

No, the country-invading city man cannot do without his cows. The milk-industry is an old-fashioned feature of farm life that cannot be improved upon and must not be interfered with. So the cows still have their old-time prerogatives and privileges assured to them; and not the least of these is the freedom of the old lane from the barnyard to the pasture.

And what a deliciously bovine, lacteal odor the old cow-lane has, to be sure! One would know at once that it belonged to the cows. The cow-y smell is in the very grass and ground, in the rain-puddles, and in the bordering fences where the cows have rubbed and scratched

themselves. You sniff the old lane from afar, and rejoice in its genuine country associations. Is not the Rambler beholden to the cows for the preservation of one of his immemorial highways, also? Who that loves Nature would not follow an old lane rather than a boulevard, or a road, or a sidewalk? If the city farmer does not scare him off with those direly threatening trespass signs that have become the blight of the suburban landscape, the gentle Rambler will take to himself great delight in following, even far out of his way, the old-time cow-lane.

It is there that the undisturbed greenery of nature most flourishes, especially during the tropical heat of summer. Most of the grass in the lane, between paths, is cropped short, to be sure, by the leisurely cows as they loiter to and fro, but there are always nooks and corners, bordering pools and swampy spots and tangles, where Dame Nature riots to her heart's content. It is in the old lane that the dandelions will scatter their gold earliest and latest in the season. How they shine in the close-cropped, vividly green grass, like golden eagles flung by some spendthrift hand!

And the grass itself, lovingly cropped and nourished by the ancient proprietors of the lane — it is like the emerald velvet of the Oxford College lawns, thick and smooth and lush with centuries of care. How Mr. Cityman would pride himself on a house-lawn as ripe with age, as velvety and rich, as that produced by his cows in their domain between barnyard and pasture! But a beautiful lawn, like a beautiful character, is not made in a year. It is the product of long and patient culture; it can be refined only by toil and care.

The old lane is a perfect highway of old-fashioned flowers — the kind that Nature cultivates, and that never run out or grow feeble with disease. In the corners

of the fences smile the summer primroses, the sweet clover and elderberry blossoms, the gentian, the milkweed, and the tansy. Beggar ladies sweep merrily along in their Bohemian finery. Sweet old-fashioned caraway nods her regal head, like some powdered beauty of old time. The lilacs scatter their purple vestments, and the wild grapes spread their bewitching fragrance on the air. Here and there are clumps of golden-rod, in whose emerald plumes the tinge of barbaric gold is just beginning to show. What a tangle of wild beauty all along the way!

And here, in the flag-bordered swamp that encroaches upon our old lane, are the water-cousins of our old-fashioned upland flowers. The yellow water-lilies (plebeian relatives of the pond's white beauties) dot the central pool. The blue flower of the flags tosses in the breeze. And along the borders of the swamp hide the loose-strife, the grass-pinks and the adder's tongue. Where else will you find so many of the good old-fashioned plants and flowers as along an old cow-lane, unvexed by scythe or plow, by pick or spade, for more than a hundred years?

And the birds — how they rejoice in this abandoned country highway — humanly abandoned, I mean, for what a community of spirit there is between birds and cows! Where cows congregate, a peaceful, browsing audience, birds most delight to sing. The bobolink sails across and across the old lane, tremulous with his bubbling song, as full and running over with music and happiness as Phillips Brooks was with earnestness and inspiration, and as divinely incoherent, his message always outrunning his utterance.

The meadow-lark's sweet call is in your ears. Ah! there he goes, launching straight away for the old stone-wall. He distrusts even the Rambler, but how close he comes to the good red cows, as they move along the old lane, cropping the grass with a soft and rhythmic sound!

Here, in these bordering bushes, mews the cat-bird, that shy ventriloquist, and sometimes passionately poetic singer. The cuckoo is patiently and persistently prophesying rain, to the wandering herd, from the thick-leaved iron wood at the end of the lane. What a consistent prophet he is! sticking to his vatic message until it comes true — wherein is a hint for human seers. Is not the foreseen bound to happen, if we foretell it long enough?

There is a bird that gets its summer living from the cows — the cow blackbird — whose familiar Good-Samaritanism I love to watch. In flocks of rusty black he hops and flits about the pasturing herd, relieving the cows as best he can from the flies that torment them on the right hand and on the left. Now he flies up and sits unconcernedly on some broad bovine back, waiting there to swoop upon the next greedy fly that alights, and anon he hops between the patient legs of the herd, reaching or fluttering up to peck at some insect tormentor. The cows seem not to heed in the least his vigorous blows, but look benignly and gratefully down at him as he hammers away at the flies.

In the swamp-bordering alders his red-shouldered cousin, the red-winged blackbird, calls *conkaree, conkaree*, as he sways and flashes in the blazing sun. The song-sparrow sits on a post of the rail

fence and pours out his liquid, tinkling, ethereal song. The goldfinch billows away, with that softly sad, reiterated melody that hints of fall and the fading of the year; and the robin — his domestic duties lightened for a time — sits in the fence-sweeping elm and warbles *keerik-beetik, keerik-beetik*, all the afternoon.

As the rambler strolls homeward along the old lane, he notes the many cow-paths that seam and furrow it, winding hither and thither, irrespective of parallels or of one another, approaching and then receding, like those plotted curves by which the modern psychologists represent the unconscious action of the human brain in dreams. Some of the paths are worn deep as ditches, with even deeper hoof-printed hollows in them, where the habit-following cows have stepped for generations. Why have the cows made so many paths in this their rural Broadway? Why do they always keep to the winding, crooked paths, rough, uneven, rain-muddied, when the walking, and the browsing too, are so much better between them? Habit, we answer — in the slavery of which cows are not so very different from men. Do we not do the same things, in the same way, over and over, regardless of reason or enlightenment? Are we not still slavishly treading many an old path in spite of new lights on new paths? It occurs to the rambler that it ill becomes him to smile at the crazy cow-paths in this old lane, representing, as he does, a generation that still furnishes a goodly following for those who affirm that the world was created in six twenty-four-hour days, and that for three days and three nights Jonah studied the interior anatomy of a whale, and lived.

Melrose, Mass.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA

REV. ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG.

FOREMOST among the illustrious moral heroes of modern times stands Girolamo Savonarola, the Florentine reformer, who became a martyr on May 23, 1498. He was the successor of Wycliffe and Huss, and the predecessor of Luther and Calvin. His career marks the passing of the Dark Ages, and the dawn of light, liberty and progress. Printed books were coming into general use, Columbus had discovered a new world, the humanitarian spirit was rising, and there was an intellectual quickening which betokened the approach of a new era. The one thing needful was moral renovation. Nothing could be expected from the church. It was so debased in its ideals and its practices that it could not save itself, much less save society. The people were under the sway of a feverish passion for festivities, dances, tournaments, pride of pagan learning, and sensuality in art and literature. Lorenzo the Magnificent was at the height of his power as ruler of Florence. He was the sympathetic patron of culture, art, literature, philosophy, and all forms of vice. Artists, men of letters, statesmen, nobles and people were equally corrupt in mind, devoid of public or private virtue, and wanting in moral sense. Indifference to moral principle was the dominant feeling. The clever, intellec-

tual men of the times were incapable of real nobility of thought or action. It was only in the country places and among the lowest classes, far removed from all contact with politics and letters, that any germ of the old virtues was to be found. Such was the condition of Italy when Savonarola began to thunder against the sins of the age from his pulpit in St. Mark's. He discerned the deeper needs of society and gave himself up utterly to



SAVONAROLA

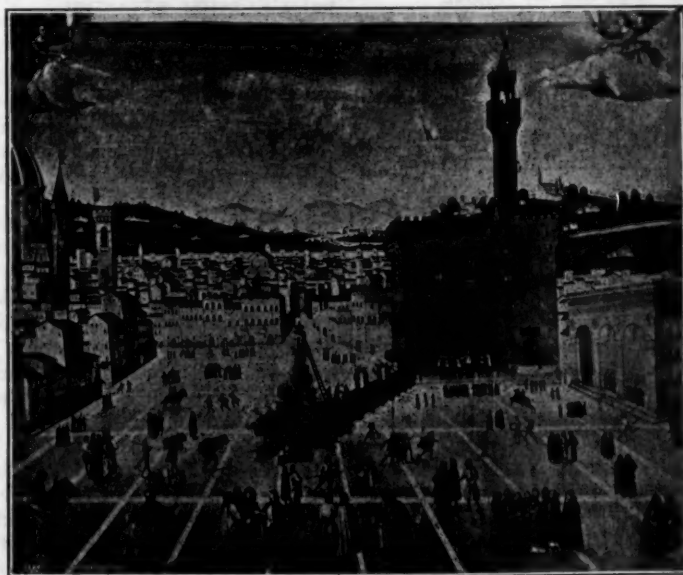
the one work of infusing new moral and spiritual life into church and state.

Savonarola was unique in character and personality. He was of middle height, dark, and of nervous temperament. His dark gray eyes were bright and often flashed fire from beneath his black eyebrows. An aquiline nose and large mouth with thick, compressed lips declared his strength of character and stubborn firmness of purpose. Deep fur-

rowers. He was a mystic, deeply absorbed in dreams, visions, spiritual contemplation, and devoted much time to prayer and the Bible. He was dominated by the conviction that he spoke with the inspired authority of a prophet, and that his mission was to purify manners, rekindle faith, and reform the church. Worn by fasting, long vigils and penance, he seemed more like a spectre than a living man. He scarcely ate enough to support life. His bed was a grating with a sack of straw and a blanket. He wore clothing of the coarsest kind, but strictly clean. In modesty, humility and obedience he surpassed all the rest of the Dominican brethren.

His sermons caused amazement and provoked indignation. Florentines preferred refinement of gesture, expression and style, and the ability to imitate and quote copiously from ancient writers. They cared little for the gist of the sermon. Disregarding these views, Savonarola, with open Bible before him, unflinchingly assailed the vices of the times, and exhorted the people to reform their lives. He spared neither prince, poet, painter, nor pauper. He quoted from no book save the Bible, and based all his sermons on its texts. Such a use of Scripture was new. Greek philosophers were a greater authority with the multitude than were the inspired writers of the Bible. Furthermore, few Florentines read the Bible at all, since, finding its Latin incorrect, they were afraid of corrupting their style.

The pulpit was Savonarola's throne. Even in all his reform activities he did not leave it. He did not seek political place or authority. His work as a statesman was forced upon him by the pressure of events following the downfall of the Medici and the investment of the city by King Charles VIII. of France. But when the exigency arose, the preacher



PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, WHERE SAVONAROLA WAS BURNED

rows marked his forehead. His countenance expressed a severe nobility of character. A melancholy smile endued his harsh features with a benevolent charm, and inspired confidence at first sight. His manners were simple and his language rough and unadorned. At times in his sermons he became animated by a potent fervor that convinced and subdued his

did not shrink. The mystic and seer became the practical man of affairs, and astonished all Europe by his shrewdness and statecraft. He was the dominant personality of Florence and the only man in whom the people had confidence. Under his guidance the Florentine republic was reconstructed without revolution or bloodshed.

During the year in which the constitution was being formulated, Savonarola preached specifically on the essential features of a representative government, such as the basis of representation, citizenship, the judiciary and taxation; but at the very beginning he laid down the general proposition that the reform must begin with spiritual things, for these are higher than material things. Thus he always approached statecraft from the standpoint of religion, and taught that human government was subordinate to and incidental to a pure spiritual government, of which Jesus is the head.

Savonarola was stronger than an army in keeping the people within bounds. They revered him as a prophet and believed in him as a man. But this did not endure. His enemies obtained control of affairs and doomed him to death. He was arrested, and then his persecutors undertook to find something against him that would justify them in killing him. Failing in this, they subjected him to cruel and prolonged tortures in hope of wringing something from his bewildered mind that would serve their purpose, but they did not succeed. At length, as a desperate extreme, feeling that he must be silenced, they falsified some of his utterances, tried him three times without proving him guilty of anything, and then sentenced him on the basis of his "altered confessions." His martyrdom was tragic in the extreme. In company with two faithful companions he was hanged and his body burned in the public square in front of the palace in the presence of a furious and bloodthirsty crowd, many of whom had been his followers in other years.

Was Savonarola's career a failure? Did his enemies triumph? Let Lowell give the answer:

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne, —
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

An Opinion and a Prophecy

From the *Christian Advocate*.

DR. CLARK, referred to in the preceding article, was thought by many to have remarkable foresight and much power of discrimination concerning the effect of various movements and tendencies.

In the General Conference of 1872 — that which enacted the since much-debated "Amusement Paragraph" — he delivered himself with precision and force. The following is quoted verbatim from the *Daily Christian Advocate*:

"Dr. William R. Clark thought no man had noticed more the tendency of professed Christians to indulge in sinful amusements, or to affiliate with the world in its spirit, than he had. He appreciated the sentiments of Dr. Goode, and of others as indicated in the report. It was only a question of the proper method to be pursued to meet this exigency and check this tendency in our church. It seemed to him a confession of our weakness when they resorted to special legislation on these things.

"We have recommended the spirit of our doctrine in our Discipline, and there we have distinctly recorded our disapprobation of any

amusements which cannot be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, sir, there seemed to be something left to the judgment of the administrator of the Discipline.

"When we have begun this specific legislation, we cannot draw a line and say where we may stop. To undertake to do as is done in this report, in the end of the case it will be overdone. Then it will not be enforced, and cannot be as given in that report.

"Our Discipline now stands outspokenly against this worldly amusement, and we are understood as setting our faces against it, and if improper things were done the pastor has the power in his hands, and such members may be brought to trial. He hoped we should not make an acknowledgment of weakness by resorting to special legislation."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

Torn upon Thy wheel,
Foul'd with blood and dust,
Still my heart can feel,
Still I trust;

Still my lips can urge,
"Heal me with Thy sword,
Cleanse me with Thy scourge,
Lord, Lord!"

Though a bleeding clod,
Faint with thirst and pain,
Still my hopes, dear God,
Remain;

Yea, and more than hope:
Faith! a prayer! a wing!
Even on Calvary's slope
I sing.

—FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES, in
"Love Triumphant."

JUNE DAYS IN SARATOGA

REV. H. M. SIMPSON, D. D.

THREE weeks of detention here, because of illness in our family, has shown the place to be at its best in June. The charm of Saratoga is in its majestic foliage. So dense and so lofty are its giant elms, that, to a bird's-eye view, the hotels and homes are hidden. The heavy prevailing shade through the day ensures cool pavements at night — no insignificant blessing for any population seeking personal comfort.

Still another impression, the creature of June, is that few villages make use of paint to better advantage.

Perfect driveways tempt to horsemanship, notwithstanding the automobile menace. The use of the automobile is quite as much a test of character as of macadam. As a new American educator it might occupy the attention of the Ocean Grove convention in July. A day or two since, some heavy cart horses, with their load of sand, were much frightened by a large automobile managed by a lady only. During the peril she brought her machine to a stand, and, descending to the road, she patted and quieted the animals, and after leading them past, with her own hand, returned to her seat and went on her way. Character tells.

In the absence of the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who is seeking needed rest, the pulpit is supplied by Rev. Dr. W. W. Foster, of Rust University. To me, one of the chief peculiarities of this church has always been — and that, after some years of residence and observation — that its attendance at the weekly prayer-meeting service is so very large both in summer and in winter.

The friends of Bishop Foss were delighted recently, when he spent a day or two at Dr. Strong's. The Bishop was on his way to preach a Commencement sermon at a point farther north. He seemed full of vigor and deeply interested in events. He expressed great hope in the political regeneration of his home city, Philadelphia. It seems as if the retirement of a Bishop does

not close, but only widens, his sphere of power and influence.

One of the best known and most familiar personalities among the residents here is Rev. Dr. Bostwick Hawley — never more active and busy than now, although he has passed the nineteenth milestone. At all seasons and in all weather he may be seen upon the street, hastening upon some errand of sympathy or benevolence. The Children's Home in Saratoga is his great care, owing its foundation and popularity to his personal exertion. In passing Dr. Hawley's delightful home on Phila Street, yesterday, he was seen, with his lawnmower, putting the finishing touches upon his well-kept terrace. He would have made a telling picture had a kodak been at hand.

The convention season has been opened by the assembling of two bodies at the same time — one the Pharmacists and the other the Eclectic Physicians, in the United States and the Grand Union hotels respectively. The license question was before the body. Every phase of life and activity seems touched by the problem of temperance. The world is growing better. The force of public opinion counts. No longer, as "before the war," may men be seen lined up at the hotel bar, as before a ticket office in rush hours. In some matters of morals the hands upon the dial will never go back.

No doubt the best and the worst assemble here at the Springs. You find what you look for. That is the case anywhere. People ought to bring their principles as well as their portmanteaus here. They will need both. Some of the best pulpits in this world are outside church walls altogether. Besides, practice avails where preaching is impossible. The old prophet's lesson needs to be heeded now and here, too. "Go through the gates," and "lift up a standard."

A story is told me here of steadfast adherence to home habits and holy living. It seems that a group of society people and their children were gathered in the parlor of a certain hotel one evening. The music was very delightful, but at nine o'clock one of the guests proposed to withdraw to her own hotel with her little children. When pressed, by the others, for her reason for denying herself, she was led to say that in the next apartment to her own there was domiciled a well-known and most excellent citizen of New York, whose habit was to have a family prayer service each evening at half past nine. "And when he prays in his family, I and my children kneel on our side of the closed door connecting with his apartments, and then we go to bed with the feeling that nothing will harm us through the night, and I would not miss it for the world or all the music in it." Thereupon the others asked to be allowed to go also. The entire group gathered within the sound of the unconscious worshiper's voice in prayer, he little thinking how far his influence extended. The old adage might be amended: Do in Rome as you do at home, and some one will be the better for it. People go to heaven by way of Saratoga sometimes. To some it is like the gate of heaven.

Only last evening, with a superb sunset to the westward, when walking toward the beautiful cemetery, I came upon one in deepest mourning kneeling at the massive doorway of the most striking mausoleum in the grounds. It was of Egyptian architecture and built of red granite. Withdrawing, I noticed a carriage waiting in the distance, which received the lady at the close of her act of faithful devotion. It was clear that the granite tomb, rather than the palatial residence on Circular Street, was the fascination in the case. Egypt, Saratoga, Heaven! What matters it so long as the Master is there? Heaven is where He is. "That where I am, ye may be also."

THE FAMILY DEPARTMENT

Forward

HARRIET C. GOODWIN.

Whatever you have to give, give now —
Old Time is a-flying; he will not allow
Opportunities slighted to come back
again;
Let the present moments good deeds con-
tain.

Whenever you speak, speak words of
cheer;
Scatter smiles and bright glances both far
and near;
Fears come with the night, and the clouds
bring gloom —
Be the sunshine and daybreak that leave
sadness no room.

Whatever you think, let your thoughts be
pure —
Of a life on high levels you'll then be sure;
For sinful thoughts, though at first con-
cealed,
A harvest of evil fruit will yield.

Whatever else you may be, be true —
True to the best and the noblest in you.
Stand by your convictions of honor and
right,
Let the victories you win be untarnished
and bright.

Hazardville, Conn.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Seek earnestly
And prayerfully
God's will to know,
God's will to love,
God's will to do.

— W. T. Sleeper.

Faith is the better of the free air, and of
the sharp winter storm in its face. — *Sam-
uel Rutherford.*

Pay as little attention to discouragements
as possible. Plough ahead as a steamer
does, rough or smooth, rain or shine. To
carry your cargo and make your port is the
point. — *Mattie D. Babcock, D. D.*

In proportion to our faith is the vividness
and reality wherewith, like Moses, we see
God — like Enock walk, like Abraham con-
verse, like Jacob wrestle with Him, like
Elijah thrill to the inward whisper of His
still small voice. There are, indeed, some
eyes so dim that they catch no gleam of His
Presence; some ears so dull that they never
hear the music or the thunder of His voice;
and there are moments when even to the
best of men He seems silent or far off. —
Canon Farrar.

Unhappy spirit, cast down under thy
sins, multitudes of sins, years of sins!
heavily burdened as thou art, and pierced
through with sorrows, thou mayest look
to God, and hope, for "He delighteth in
mercy." His mercy can make thee a clean
and beautiful, a happy and rejoicing spirit.
God will be "delighted" to make thee
"equal to the angels." So humble, so lov-
ing is thy God, and so earnestly does He
long to bless thee, that, behold, He stands
at thy door and knocks. — *John Pulsford.*

The bruised reed He will not break. It
means He doth not scorn any. His love
holds each one dear to Himself. He never
turns any away as past mending or be-
yond help. The bruised reed, bent and
more than bent, broken, though not
broken off — what can be done? Who will
stay to trouble about a thing like that?
And what can one do for it? Careful prop-
ping and binding and a thousand out-
ward appliances, lo! there it is bruised
and broken still. Ah, He will stop and
stoop to the reed. Look at them today on
the verge of the frozen river, dead, bruised,
broken, a matted mass of rottenness —
withered by the frost, beaten by the snow,
trodden underfoot. But come again in but

a few weeks' time and look at the reeds.
How they live and flourish, every head
uplifted, the tall straight stem decked with
the green leaves. Not from without, but
from within, has come the transforming
power. The resurrection life of spring has
quickened the root, and heaven and earth
have met together to uplift and bless and
beautify the bruised reed. That — that,
and nothing less than that, is the power of
the Lord Jesus. He is the root of a new
life; He is a resurrection-power in the
midst of men. — *Mark Guy Pearse.*

Only yesterday an anxious friend was
speaking about the dear ones gone. Are
they sleeping in unconsciousness? Do
they love and remember in that other
land? Are they greatly changed? Shall
we find them again, and when we do will
they be so much the same that we shall
know them, and that we can go on with the
old story of love begun here? The New
Testament teaching about death and im-
mortality would seem to answer these
questions. It shows us Jesus himself be-
yond death, and He was not changed. He
had the same gentle heart. He had not
forgotten His friends. Surely it is the
same with our dear ones who have passed
from our sight. Death did not take from
them one line of beauty. It ended nothing
in them that was worth while. The things
in them which we loved here are lovable
qualities in them still. We shall find them
again and shall get them back unchanged,
and then we shall go on once more with
the sweet life of love that began so happily
here. — *J. R. MILLER, D. D., in "The Min-
istry of Comfort."*

Paul went along the high-level because
he died to his own self, and lived only for
Christ. Pain and loss and trouble and
death were nothing to Paul, if he could
only serve his blessed Lord. But folks that
go along the low-level are always wantin'
the Lord to wait 'pon them with health
and prosperity, sunshine an' best robes. I
do dearly love to read an' think about Paul
and his way to heaven. Why, we should
hardly know ourselves if we went to live
up there where Paul lived. I've heard
folks who've come home from California
say that out there the air is so pure that
you can see miles an' miles, everything is
so clear; an' 'tis all so still that you can
hear singin' miles off; an' 'tis always like
summer over there, so that the bees don't
lay up any honey because there's no
winter, and no need for it. Now that's the
high-level to heaven, 'zactly. 'Tis up

where you can see ever so far, where you
always catch sight o' the golden gates, an'
see the shinin' o' the Father's house, and
when 'tis very still you can a'most hear the
singin' inside. I wonder we don't emi-
grate right off, 'tis such a pretty country,
an' no rates nor taxes. And like the bees,
you've got honey up there all the year
round; no great black clouds o' care com-
in' about like a hurricane, and no ugly old
fears keep a whisperin' about the winter,
an' whatever shall we do to get along then.
Why, 'tis down here for us as well as up
there, if we would only have it:

"There everlasting spring abides
And never-withering flowers."

And if you like to ask why we don't live
there, the answer is plain enough:

"Self, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

— *Daniel Quorm.*

THE WISDOM OF MISS RANKIN

In Three Parts

III

HILDA RICHMOND.

"THANK goodness! They are gone,
never to return, I hope!" said
Rose, fervently, as John took the four
guests to the station. "I never was so
tired of strangers before in my life, and
I'm willing to live on bread and milk for
the rest of my days."

"I have always heard that young girls
are the greatest creatures to change their
minds, and now I believe it," said Aunt
Kate, looking up in surprise. "I always
heard you were wild to have your friends
around you, but here you say you are
tired of them in three short weeks. Don't
you think, my dear, that it is vulgar to
invite people and then rejoice when they
leave?"

"It may be all that, and worse, but I
don't care," said Rose, recklessly. "We
did our best for them, and they weren't
satisfied. I heard Grace say our cooking
was far inferior to Mrs. R.'s — after we
hung over that hot stove from morning
till night! Now do you think that was
fair?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Rankin,
promptly; "but that does not excuse
you."

"I have written to every girl we asked
to visit us and recalled the invitation,"
said Esther. "I suppose you will think
that a crime, Aunt Kate."

"I am sorry you did, for I have a letter
from your father urging me to have you
entertain all your guests before he brings
your mother home, as the house will have
to be kept quiet for some time on her
account."

"It can't be too quiet to suit me," said
Rose, frankly. "I am ready to confess
that we never treated Mrs. R. decently,
and I don't wonder her health broke
down. I don't even care if you write and
tell father I said so. I'm tired to death
working for a mob of girls who don't care
two pins for you, and I am not surprised
in the least to think we couldn't keep a
girl all summer."

"I am sorry we drove Nora away, for
Mrs. R. will have the trouble of training
a new girl when we go to school. I will

confess my sins, too, for I see where we have been foolish and heedless," said Esther, freeing her mind.

"Don't you think the better plan would be to write and ask your mother's pardon instead of having me tell your father?" asked their aunt, with a slight emphasis on the word mother. "I think that will do more towards making her well than all the medicine in the world."

It was a hard task, but the girls saw the justice of it, and soon the letters were speeding on their way to the hospital where tired Mrs. Rankin was trying to recover.

"Now, I intend to begin putting the house to rights at once, so when mamma comes home she can rest," said Rose, when she rose from the writing desk.

"I'll help move any furniture you want to change around," said John, to the great surprise of his sisters. "I'll be glad to have the folks back home again, too. I sold my early potato crop for a hundred dollars, and will chip in if you want to buy an easy-chair or something for mamma's room."

"Let's do that," said Esther, struck with the idea. "Before now we always made such a fuss that all the new things had to go in the parlor or our rooms, while Mrs. — I mean mamma — has all the rattle-trap pieces in the house."

"Nora! Nora! Nora!" screamed Rose, going into the untidy kitchen next morning to find that faithful maid putting things to rights, while savory smells from the stove indicated a return of the old delicious viands.

"Yes, it's me," said Nora, returning the delighted kiss Rose bestowed upon her. "Your aunt wrote that you had come to your senses, so here I be. Look out; them waffles'll be scorchin' next."

"Indeed we have come to our senses, and there we're going to stay. Esther! John! Nora's back!"

"My life is saved!" said John, shaking hands warmly. "Honestly, Nora, there have been times when my vest buttons jingled against my backbone since you left."

"He hasn't worn a vest all summer, Nora," put in Esther, indignantly, as she hugged and kissed the smiling maid, "but it was bad enough. This summer has been a perfect nightmare."

"Have you still got them skull-caps?" inquired Nora, as the family gathered around the breakfast table to rejoice and feast on the good things they had been strangers to so long.

"Yes, I was making them for a friend of mine who is a nurse in a hospital, and has no time for such things," explained Miss Rankin. "I had so much leisure time this summer that I offered to get her aprons and caps ready for her so she could enjoy her vacation."

"Aunt Kate, I believe you and Nora fixed up the scheme to get us into all our troubles," said Rose, suddenly laying down her fork. "Our whole summer has been wasted."

"Not wasted, by any means," said her sister. "I have learned more during the past six or eight weeks than I ever did at school, and so have you."

"So have I," said John, who was wearing a thin summer coat and new tie without having to be coaxed. "I have

found out that it is selfish to please yourself entirely without looking out for any one else."

"Good for you, children!" said Aunt Kate. "And now I will make my humble confession. I did shirk all the work I could this summer, and did plan the party solely to show you how little pleasure there is in an elaborate entertainment. A simple supper or cake and ice cream would have been much better; but you have earned the reputation for having a large variety of well-cooked food and all the new things in refreshments, so that it is hard to go back to simple ways. And now let us all work hard for a few days to get the house to rights so papa and mamma can come home, for they are homesick and longing for the country. What do you say?"

"I'm willing to do my part," said John, and the rest agreed to have the rooms in order by Saturday morning.

So well did they work that by Friday evening the rooms were cleaned and aired, and no one was worn out, either. By systematic work much may be accomplished in a week, and they were all delighted with the result. Nora served three delicious meals every day, and the girls reveled in cool garments. There was time for drives, also, and the twins enjoyed for almost the first time the swift gray mare and the renovated surrey.

"It is simply delightful to be able to go to town without sitting on pins and needles if you are ten minutes late," sighed Rose, sinking back into the cushions instead of holding her body in readiness to spring out and attack the work as soon as the buggy stopped. "I hope we can find dotted Swiss for the curtains, though it is rather late in the season."

The cradle that had been used for the older Rankin children was banished to the garret, and in its place stood a dainty bed for little Harold; the windows were draped in white; new dark shades excluded the glaring light; an iron bedstead took the place of the clumsy, old-fashioned wooden one; and the whole room was so changed that Mrs. Rankin would have difficulty in recognizing it as hers. John's easy-chair stood by the window, and Rose's workstand was near at hand; Esther contributed a dainty new toilet set, and Aunt Kate sent to the city for two beautiful rugs. Even Nora remembered her beloved mistress, and two big green glass vases filled with yellow flowers spoke of her taste and love. Six months before the twins would have laughed at the selection, but they knew now that real love covers a multitude of errors in taste, and they cheerfully put the monstrosities on the dainty dresser cover that was white embroidered in the palest blue.

"We don't owe a cent anywhere," said Rose, happily, as they waited for John to bring the master and mistress from the station. "The cream money paid the debt at the baker's, and John made up the balance of the meat bill. Wasn't that lovely of him, Aunt Kate? I can see such a difference in John lately."

"I can see a difference in all of you," said Miss Rankin. "Nora told me with tears in her eyes yesterday that you were

all so thoughtful of her, and she never has to pick up and put to rights as she used to."

"After that Grace Lester scattered her belongings all over the house, I never want to make trouble for any one again," said Esther, firmly. "Just think of the good cream and all the things we fed those lazy girls on all summer when we might have had a nice little bank account like John. It's our own fault, of course, but it makes me angry to think we were so stupid."

"John put on his best clothes of his own accord, and that is simply wonderful," said Rose. "Nora is just outdoing herself in the kitchen; and if mamma does justice to all the things she is cooking, she'll have to go right back to the hospital."

"There they come! There they come!" cried Rose, joyfully. "Do you know, I thought I should dread asking mamma's pardon more than anything else, but now I am anxious to do it. It seems to me my eyes have been opened wider this summer than ever before."

"And it is all due to you, Aunt Kate," said Esther, pressing her aunt's arm affectionately. "Hereafter when we invite guests we will make sure that it is agreeable to all at home first."

"Welcome home, mamma!" cried two girlish voices at once, as John lifted the slight form from the surrey. "We are glad to have you back again."

Rose took the baby, Esther the bundles, and Aunt Kate the wraps. The little procession started up the stairs, and the tired woman realized that this was a different home-coming from the one she had dreaded. The cool, pleasant rooms spoke eloquently of comfort and good cheer, and the whole atmosphere was redolent with love and thoughtful care.

"This can't be my room," she said, taking in at a glance the unfamiliar furniture, the dainty curtains, and all the spotless beauty of the chamber. "Somehow it doesn't look the same."

"It's yours, any way," said Rose, depositing the sleeping infant in the dainty new bed. "We've turned over a new leaf, and we hope you will soon be better."

"I am well now, my dear children," she said, sinking into John's easy-chair with a look of perfect content on her thin face. "I can never thank you enough."

"You'll have to thank Aunt Kate," said John, who had arrived in time to hear what his mother said. "She was the one that brought us all to our senses."

Simplicity -- A Prayer

I went one day in answer to my boy
To help him find some trivial thing or
other —
A button or a string, a nail or toy —
So chanced upon the little desk his
mother
Had given him the right to call his own.
The simple sight was all that I could
bear;
For little thought I, little had I known
What worthless things my darling boy
thought rare,
What tinsel he called gold, what chaff pure
grain.
So God comes to my heart. He sees its
store
Of humble deeds, its fragile hope, its pain,
Its pettiness and sin. But all the more
My boy I loved for his simplicity.
O God, my Father, feel the same toward
me!

— Rev. F. B. Upham.

COLLEGE GIRLS AS FINANCIERS

Elizabeth Howard Westwood.

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THE college girl has long maintained a reputation for studies, athletics, and dramatics; now she is looming on the horizon as a financier. This new rôle is scarcely surprising when one considers that the daughters of our wealthiest capitalists are flocking to the halls of learning. That natural explanation, however, renders the phenomenon none the less interesting.

To begin with, a college girl is always in need of money; whether her allowance would support a good-sized missionary in a heathen land, or every cent is earned by herself, it is hopelessly inadequate. Why? Accept your next invitation to visit a woman's college, and you will find out. As a matter of fact, college is the one place in the country where social and financial rating have no connection. A girl who is never hard up is looked upon as a bit queer, almost a freak, you know, for she is first of all a good fellow, and as you know, good-fellowship and parsimonious thrift are not on speaking terms.

Suppose she is blessed with an open-handed father, whose letters are endeared by large-sized checks; just let her start down town with a plethora pocket-book and a boon companion, and the way from riches to poverty stretches before her. Exhibit A: A room-mate in the infirmary, a florist's window flaming with daffodils — a generous order. Exhibit B: A homesick freshman's birthday, a new set of Japanese prints at the art store — a reckless purchase. Exhibit C: A chum's election to the monthly board, an *édition de luxe* of her favorite poet — \$4 to the cause of literature and friendship. . . . Exhibit Y: Mutton stew and rice pudding on the campus; a restaurant famous for its steaks and salads; a dinner worthy the taste of Horace and pocket-book of Mæcenas.

Suppose she does, through some oversight of shop-keepers, return home a solvent member of society — the few remaining shekels never see a savings bank. A pal waylays her in the hall to unfold a plan of riotous living. "You need a rest," she announces. "I see it in your wilting eye. Cut your Saturday work, and come to the city with me. We will do the shops, we will buy large quantities of clothes, and my aunt will provide us with men."

To the unsympathetic outsider these expenditures may seem like reckless extravagances; to the college girl they are the necessities of life. Even if the exigencies of class-room work or the misfortune of over-cuts prevent a metropolitan journey, class and society dues, missionary pledges, house taxes, all demand attention, while the funds which greedily clamor to be fattened are without number. Millionaires are in the habit of advancing the interests of education by gifts whose entails turn the college into begging institutions. Athletic fields are acquired only as the results of countless microscopic contributions.

Thus there comes a time when even the most elastic allowance will stretch no more, when the most doting parent writes coldly, "Your letter of the 13th inst. received. I have sent checks in payment of the bills you enclosed. Owing to this advanced allowance, you need expect no remittance until the first of the month." Poverty and the wolf rush in as unwelcome guests! The genial carelessness with which she spent her money is now equaled only by the ingenuity with which she turns about to make it. Many and varied are the methods by which the college girl builds up her fallen fortunes and refills her purse.

Tutoring is a good staple occupation, which, provided the student is ordinarily bright, proves an easy and remunerative source of income. It brings from seventy-five cents an hour up. A tale of a thriving tutoring enterprise comes from the University of Chicago. A graduate student there had received a fellowship for \$600 a year. In return for this she was required to perform eight hours of library work a week. Whereupon she engaged a substitute for twenty cents an hour and spent her own time in tutoring. As she was a woman of unusual ability, she received three dollars an hour. This little transaction netted her \$22.40 a week, which, in addition to her income as fellow, enabled her to live in ease and luxury. There are amusing tales told of girls who spend so much time tutoring that they fall below the mark in their studies and are in turn conditioned.

Every college, of course, has its organized methods of assistance. There are

scholarships covering tuition and sometimes board. There are students' aid societies which lend money without interest for a long period. There are students' exchanges which act as employment agencies and secure darning, mending, pressing party gowns, copying themes, dusting rooms, at twenty cents an hour. The services of the exchange are entirely voluntary, but a progressive student at Boston University set up an employment office, advertised it well, and made a paying business out of it. The college libraries offer work to students at twenty, twenty-five and thirty cents an hour, according to their experience. If this happens to be discharging books, it gives them time to study, or if it is confined to the cataloguing or recording rooms, they are often assigned to departments in which they are specializing, so the time spent in earning money is not entirely lost to the cause of learning.

Waiting on table will dispose of the large item of board and often room, which to the entirely self-supporting girl seems an insurmountable obstacle. At Radcliffe and Boston University many students obtain positions as "mothers' helpers." They receive board, room, and a small allowance in return for the services of an older daughter in the family. They dust and mend, help the children with their studies, oversee the servants; in fact, they supply that element which, though not requiring a large expenditure of time, is of great value to a busy mother. At Smith and Vassar students make substantial reinforcements to their incomes by teaching in the night schools. If they can arrange to have all their college recitations in the morning, they catch afternoon classes in the high schools of the city or adjacent towns; sometimes this work yielding as much as \$40 a month, which for the whole year amounts to \$450. As living on the campus costs \$300, and tuition \$100, a student can get the best the college affords and still have enough left over for books and many an incidental. If, however, she is trying to earn all her expenses, she can get board in the town for much less and make her teaching pay for her education.

Clever Stunts by College Girls

Desirable as these occupations are for the certain incomes that they yield, it is the



HOCKEY STICKS RENT FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A SEASON

Athletic Bryn Mawr girls at play on the campus

"stunt" ways of making money that exercise the native invention of the college student and that delight the soul of the uninitiated. If a college is near a city, as are Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, and Vassar, many industries grow out of its location. At all of these places a popular plan is the renting out of fifty-trip tickets, which make the trip less expensive than the ordinary fare and earn a good percentage for the lessee. Some girls go into the rental business much more extensively and such signs appear on the bulletin board:

FOR RENT

Of interest to all students going to Philadelphia
 Brand-new dress suit case 25 cents (a trip)
 New rain coat 20 " "
 Liberty evening wrap (just imported) 40 " "
 Stocks, gloves, and handkerchiefs pro rata
 Apply after lunch daily at 13 Pembroke East.

The first of a semester sees the boards plastered with notices. Books for any

curtains, tea-tables — all have to be provided by the student. These do very well for a year or so, but by the time she reaches junior year she is seized with a desire to be esthetic. She scorns the trappings of her earlier days and wishes her room to be an expression of her developed taste. Consequently, she advertises her stock for sale in order that she may buy new. In this way furniture often changes owners several times. If she bought it second-hand in the first place, she is a foolish virgin if she does not make money when she sells it. A Wellesley girl's account for last fall reads like this:

	Cost	Sold
Bookcase	\$1.25	\$2.00
Desk	1.00	2.25
Curtains, two pairs	.75	1.25
Waste basket	.75	.50

A few years ago the passion for mission

ways of bringing in dimes and dollars. If she is clever with her pen and brush, she can reap a good harvest from posters. It is the flaming poster, you know, which serves the college in the stead of a yellow journal. Every event is heralded and celebrated by this latter-day form of art. Two students at Bryn Mawr put their varied talents to most remunerative use on a calendar. Shortly before Christmas they corraled some college photographs, dashed off verses on college topics — parodies of the "Rubaiyat" and "Alice in Wonderland" — and drew appropriate pen and ink decorations. They took this to a Philadelphia printer, ordered several hundred copies, advertised it about college (with posters, of course), and cleared eighty dollars off it.

A member of Vassar's graduation class, the daughter of a Chicago capitalist, is noted for her generosity and prodigal lib-



COLLEGE LIBRARIES OFFER WORK TO STUDENTS
 Studious girls hard at work in the Wellesley library

course can be rented at about one-fifth of their cost. Hockey sticks go for twenty-five cents a season. Gym shoes, fencing foils, golf clubs, and tennis racquets range from ten to fifty cents. Agencies are a popular and easy method of supplementing a too meagre allowance. All the big candy concerns have their representatives at Vassar. They sell to them at wholesale, so the student makes as big a commission on her wares as does a shopkeeper. Tooth powder, soap, tea, books, college banners, gloves, everything on which there is a chance of making money, have their agent at a woman's college. Big shirt-waist houses who make semi-annual exhibits in college towns have a manager among the students, who distributes notices, engages a suitable place, and looks after the orders. This is paying business, and when the sales are large, students make from one to two hundred dollars.

The opening and closing of the college year mark high tide in the furniture trade. When a freshman enters college a fond parent generally accompanies her and buys her room fittings of a conventional order. Desk, book-case, easy-chair, rugs,

furniture seized the women's colleges. Mahogany, light oak, cherry, all lost their charm before the new fad for dark woods. One girl undertook to keep in style by painting her possessions a dull black. This scheme so pleased the public fancy that she was besieged with orders. The paint cost her fifty cents, all mixed. She charged a dollar for painting a desk — it took her about fifteen minutes — a dollar-fifty and up for bookcases and chairs. She made in all thirty-seven dollars. A neat little haul, as her friends thought when she gave them a dinner at the tea-room. One of them, an economics fiend, suggested that this was an unearned increment. Whereupon she declared: "Not at all, my dear Billy. I make no secret of the fact that I am becoming a bloated bondholder off my industry — else why would I bid my pals to a feast? If any one wishes to do the job herself I will gladly send her to the paint man and let her ruin her clothes and carpet in the process. But she doesn't; she'd rather pay me a large profit and have her room transformed into a bower of beauty."

For the artistic girl there are endless

erality. A short time ago her father, who is self-made, began to fear that his daughter did not appreciate the value of money. She promptly wrote demanding that her allowance be stopped and set to work more as a joke than for any other reason to see just how much she could do for herself. She had spent several years in Europe when a child, and spoke French and German with such ease that she always elected a course in one or the other that might prove a rebate on study expended in other directions. Consequently she secured several patrons in the city whom she visited weekly to converse amiably and instructively with their children in whichever language they chose.

At home she had an excellent French maid, whose operations she had often watched with interest. She put up a sign announcing, "Shampoo at twenty-five cents, manicuring at fifteen cents; latest and most approved methods. Buy a book of tickets and save money." She opened a boot-blackening stand and impressed her lazy room-mate into service. They who had formerly slept until getting any breakfast was a gamble, now arose at dawn and

disposed of long rows of boots.

The girl's father, among other things, was an officer of an express company. Weekly her laundry was franked home that her dainty garments might not be ruined in the college laundry. This suggested yet another industry. She became a laundress of turnovers and fine handkerchiefs. The ten-cent store furnished the outfit at a price that would have delighted the Salvation Army, and she made enough out of it to pay her bill at the grocery store—representing many a college spread. It happened to be near a basket-ball game. She rented a sewing machine and went into the flag business, making eighty per cent. on each pennant. At the end of the month she sent her father an account of her career which so pleased

that gentleman—he had just won a victory over his board of directors—that he came on and took her and her friends to New York, where the time of their lives was theirs for the asking. His

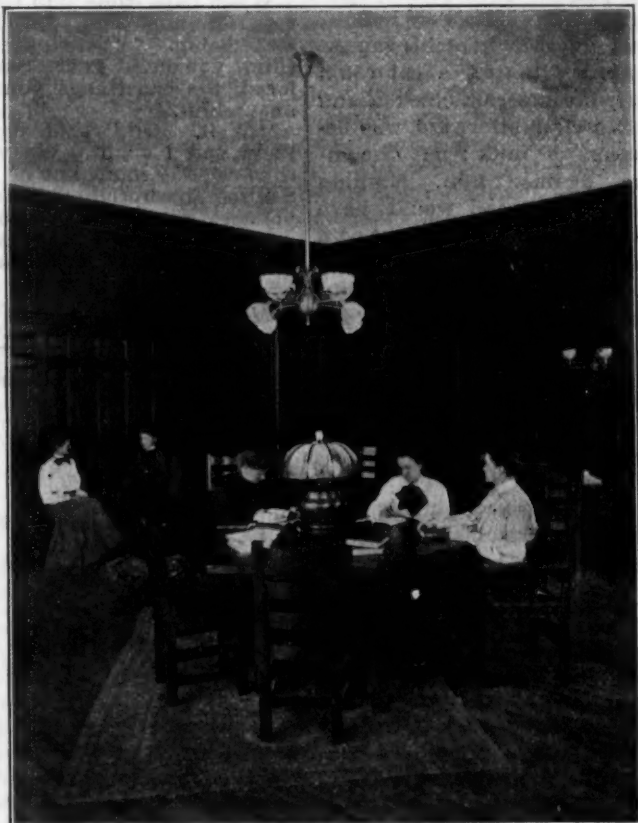
college professors say that the demand on energy and time is too great. Girls do break down under the strain of leading a student and a business life in one, to be sure. But probably more are forced to

fast friends. Indeed, the tradition holds at Smith that you stand much better chance with your teachers and your fellows if you are forced to earn and count your pennies than if you are heir to all the Indies.



THESE GRINDS ON THE SENIOR CLASS AT THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE OF BALTIMORE SHOW THAT THE WOMAN WHO IS CLEVER WITH HER BRUSH CAN REAP A GOOD HARVEST FROM POSTERS

leave college because their health cannot stand the hard study or the exciting social life. Unfortunately it is not always the girl who needs the money most who has greatest success in making it. However,



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COLLEGE GIRLS TUTORING AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

alarms were so successfully quieted that he begged her to give up business for the present and let him support her until she finished college.

The question arises again and again: "Is it advisable for a girl to put herself entirely or even largely through college?" Authorities differ. Miss Erwin, of Radcliffe, discourages it strongly. That it can be done has been proved again and again, but many

the girl who is strong, ingenious, and ambitious, with a brain endowed for study and business as well, comes out none the worse for her lessons in practical economics.

Every graduating class points with pride to honor members who have earned their way. And it is no unusual occurrence for the daughter of a millionaire and the child of a barren New England farm to become

THE GRAY NIGHT

Like an old crone in hoddan gray
She creeps across the land,
No breeze to lend her company,
No lamp within her band;
Only the lighthouse lantern shows
The misty path wherein she goes.

The farm lights shed a yellow gleam
Along the road's white track;
The wood with its still, drooping boughs
Looks strange and inky black.
And so large the old white homestead
Looms.
So near the hills with their soft glooms.

The sea lies like one great gray pearl
Beneath the sky's dull gleam;
The moon is lost, the sails adroop,
The town seems in a dream.
A gray owl sends a softened note
Across the marsh from his bold throat.

The clear, bright nights with flashing stars
Greet us from far proud heights;
Scorn have they of our narrow hearth,
Our homely household lights.
But the gray night, so soft and slow,
With feet as soundless as the snow,

Presses against the window-pane
Her dim and wrinkled face
As if she fain would share with us
The cosy chimney-place;
And somehow, though so still is she,
We feel her gentle sympathy.

She whispers dear old memories
Our hearts remember well,
Until at length we fall asleep,
Soothed by her gentle spell,
And rest as if some gracious arm
Were folding us from fear of harm.

—SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

"The Roundabout Remedy"

KATIE was certain that nobody loved her. Indeed, she did not see why anybody should. She was not beautiful; she was not clever; and by her dwelling upon these facts her natural shyness was gaining a morbid tinge, so that the more she shrunk from people the more she wanted to do so. When on the second day of her visit to Aunt Julia that wise woman proposed taking her to a reception, the girl very nearly ran away.

"I don't know what to say when strangers talk to me," Katie confessed, miserably. "I'm not at ease with them at all. I get to thinking how stupid I must seem, and then"—

"Oh, that's readily remedied," Aunt Julia interrupted, briskly. "You'll soon get interested in watching the persons I'll show you, and I'll see that nobody annoys you." So, as the elder woman was capable and masterful, Katie made her preparations even while she protested.

Somehow the terrible moment of meeting the hostess was got over, and Aunt Julia and her niece withdrew one side. For a little while they chatted together, and then all at once Aunt Julia pointed out a young girl who seemed to be quite alone.

"She hasn't even an aunt to fall back on," Aunt Julia said, "and she looks very lonely. Why not go up and speak to her? She'd be afraid of me, I suspect, but any one of her own age could make things much pleasanter for her."

That argument was bound to be effective

with a kind-hearted girl, and Katie responded to it. Not stopping to think about herself, she did approach the stranger, and after a time they two made up to a third girl, who seemed to have no friends. Probably Katie said nothing particularly witty or wise, but she was so anxious to show good-will that the other girls were compelled to help her by answering in kind. She bade them good-by at last unwillingly, promising to meet them again, and Aunt Julia smiled to hear.

"You don't seem so wretched as you expected to be," Aunt Julia said.

"Why, no," Katie responded, brightly. "I've had a lovely time."

"Exactly," nodded the elder. "That was because you stopped thinking about yourself and thought for other people. The only sure way to be happy is to try to cheer up some one who is worse off than yourself. Morbid and self-conscious people especially need to remember that. It's the only cure for their disease."

This is "the roundabout remedy," as at another time her aunt called it, that proved effectual in Katie's case. Nor is it "roundabout" in the sense that one must go far out of one's way in order to help oneself by helping others. — *Youth's Companion*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE VINDICATION OF SAMMY

ETHELWYN HUMPHREY.

"PLEASE, madam, would you like to buy some lettuce?" asked a boyish voice.

The woman in the hot kitchen turned to the door.

"No," she said, tartly, "I have more than I know what to do with."

Harry was half way to the gate when the woman called him back. "Here," she said, putting a little object into his arms, "I'll give you a dime if you will take this kitten away. I am tired of having it around, and it's sick any way. Take it and drown it."

"I don't want the money," replied the small boy, a little indignantly, "but I will take care of the kitten."

As soon as Harry was out of sight of the house he stopped to examine his new possession. The little thing was weak and thin, with rough fur, and eyes only half opened. It was crying piteously, feeling about in a blind, helpless way. Harry was far too tender-hearted to drown it; besides, he saw possibilities in the little creature. All summer he had been longing for something that should be his very own. When the kitten pushed its head into his hand and clung to his coat his heart thrilled and he was ready to defend the wail against the world.

Cuddling him in his arms, he ran home to show his new friend to his mother. She looked a little doubtful at first. "But, mamma," pleaded Harry, "what was I to do? I couldn't drown it, and you know you always say, 'Blessed are the merciful.'"

She smiled a little, patted the kitten, and went to heat some milk, while Harry made a cosy nest behind the stove. When the little stranger was warmed and comforted, Harry's mother said: "Now what will you call your pet?"

"Why," the little boy answered, "I have named him already. He is Sammy."

The kitten responded bravely to kind treatment. He grew round and fat, his soft fur, striped with the prettiest tiger-markings, shone like silk, while his eyes were as yellow as topaz. Under his chin he wore a white vest, and he had white sandals on his feet, so that mamma called him "Little Kitty White-toes."

Nobody could resist his pretty ways; the mother surrendered at once, and at last Harry's papa took Sammy on his knees, and said: "Well, well, this is the very 'bestest' kitty we ever had."

So Sammy established himself in the good graces of the household. But in the spring, when Sammy had grown to be a big, handsome cat, altogether too big to lie on Harry's shoulder as he used to do, papa's hens hatched out a lot of fluffy chickens. Then came the question as to the relation between papa's pets and Harry's pet. But Sammy showed only a friendly, social interest in the new arrivals. Once, indeed, he was found in the chicken-yard, but he was curled up, calmly looking on, while a circle of curious chicks investigated the stranger.

But one morning papa came in with a woebegone face and reported that three of his best chickens were missing. Of course every one thought of Sammy. Just then he appeared on the window-sill teasing to come in. Harry ran to open the window and caught him in his arms, crying: "Sammy didn't do it, papa, I know he didn't."

The cat was put on the floor and carefully scrutinized. His sides were hollow, and he looked inquiringly at his issuer. It seemed impossible that a cat could make an early breakfast on chicken and then in such a straightforward way devour two saucers of milk; but circumstances were against him. Mamma looked serious, and papa would have nothing to do with him. Sammy sat on a stool and looked reproachfully at the family because nobody played with him. Harry alone was faithful to his pet. He laid his head on his warm, soft fur and whispered in his brown ear: "Don't you worry, little brother. We know you didn't touch the chickens, and we will show them so yet."

The "little brother" lapped his master's hand with his warm, pink tongue, while Harry gave him such a hug that he almost smothered him.

The next morning Sammy turned up hungry as ever, but papa found a dead chicken on the doorstep. "That settles it," he said, firmly. "What other animal would have the impudence to bring a chicken to my own doorstep? Sammy must die."

"Oh, but papa," cried Harry, "I'm sure it wasn't Sammy."

"Well," said papa, "if you can find out what is stealing my chickens, all right; but it looks as though it were the cat, and you know a chicken-thief has no right to live."

Harry went out to the hammock to think, while Sammy, rolled up beside him, curled his tail around his toes, and purred softly. Something surely was carrying off the chickens. What could it be? The only thing to do was to catch the thief in the act.

Suddenly Harry jumped up from the hammock, quite upsetting Sammy's dig-

nity, and rushed off down town. That night he carefully shut the chickens in their house, and in front of the door he set a strong, iron trap that he had bought that afternoon with the last half-dollar of his allowance. Sammy watched these proceedings with interest, then Harry closed the chicken yard and sat down to explain matters to him. Sammy blinked his yellow eyes as though he understood all about it, and rolled over, teasing his master to play with him.

The next morning, as soon as Harry awoke, he ran to the window and looked out into the yard. Sure enough, beside the chicken-house lay a dark object. He rushed out of doors, and there, fast in the trap, was — what? Not Sammy, by any means, but a little, slim, brown creature, with a long, lithe body and slender feet. He was held fast by one paw, while with the other he had dug a big hole under the netting, in a vain attempt to escape. As Harry came near he could see the savage, gleaming teeth he had clinched in the necks of so many of the chickens.

With a triumphant whoop Harry rushed into the house. "Papa! papa!" he cried, "I've caught the thief, and it isn't Sammy at all."

Papa came and pronounced the culprit a weasel. Harry was almost sorry for the little fellow until he remembered the chickens he had slaughtered and the trouble he had made for Sammy. After all, if any one must suffer, it was better that it should be the guilty weasel than innocent Sammy.

When papa came into the house Harry took Sammy and put him into his father's lap. "There, papa," he said, "I think you ought to beg Sammy's pardon for all the bad things you have thought about him."

"Well, well," said papa, "I don't know but I ought. We won't call him thief-cat any more, but he shall be again Sammy the upright, for he surely is the 'bestest' kitty we ever had."

Then mamma heated some milk for him, and Sammy's vindication was complete.

Holliston, Mass.

WHY MOTHER IS PROUD

Look in his face, look in his eyes,
Roguish and blue and terribly wise —
Roguish and blue, but quickest to see
When mother comes in as tired as can be;
Quickest to find her the nicest old chair;
Quickest to get to the top of the stair;
Quickest to see that a kiss on her cheek
Would help her far more than to chatter, to speak.

Look in his face, and guess, if you can,
Why mother is proud of her little man.

The mother is proud — I will tell you this;
You can see it yourself in her tender kiss.
But why? Well, of all her dears,
There is scarcely one who ever hears
The moment she speaks, and jumps to see
What her want or her wishes might be.
Scarcely one. They all forget,
Or are not in the notion to go quite yet.
But this she knows, if her boy is near,
There is somebody certain to want to hear.

Mother is proud, and she holds him fast,
And kisses him first, and kisses him last;
And he holds her hand and looks in her face,
And hunts for her spool which is out of place,
And proves that he loves her whenever he can —

That is why she is proud of her little man.
— *Independent*.

OUR BOOK TABLE

CHINA IN LAW AND COMMERCE. By T. R. Jernigan. The Macmillan Co.: New York. Price, \$2, net.

Mr. Jernigan, our consul at Shanghai, has made good use of his long residence at China's chief port to investigate her government and trade, giving us the well-wrought results of careful observation and study. The chapters, fifteen in number, are on such topics as: "Courts," "Taxation," "Banks," "Guilds," "Business Customs," "Land Transit," "Water Transit," "Railway Transit." Figures and facts are spread abundantly before the reader in excellent fashion, and it is evident that great pains has been taken to be accurate. The matter of religion is not touched upon.

JOHN KNOX, THE HERO OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION. By Henry Cowan, D. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. Price, \$1.35, net.

Six "Heroes of the Reformation" — Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, Beza, Zwingli, and Cranmer — have preceded this volume on Knox, which has fittingly been held back till the quarter-century commemoration of his birth. The author, professor of church history in the University of Aberdeen, has done well by his subject, describing those portions of the career of Knox which are most likely to be of general interest, placing his life-work in its historical setting, and presenting a picture of his hero which, without concealing his infirmities, vindicates his right to enrollment alike among the foremost heroes of the Reformation and among the greatest and noblest of Scotsmen.

THE LAST MESSAGE OF JESUS CHRIST; or, The Apocalypse in a New Light. By Rev. John Hamilton Timbrell. Eaton & Mains: New York. Price, \$1.75, net.

Just what the new light may be, we have studied a reasonable length of time to ascertain, but without getting much satisfaction. Neither the author himself, nor President Buttz, who writes a very eulogistic introduction, gives the least sort of a summary of it, or even an intelligible guiding hint. We judge that one must read the whole 470 large, closely-printed pages to find out. For that our interest in the subject is not sufficiently keen. The author refers to the fact that more than 1,200 books, besides unnumbered pamphlets and essays, have been called forth by the Apocalypse, and counts them all as stamped with "signal and universal failure to master its occult method." He, and he alone, has the key! This, of course, is calculated to arouse our curiosity, and we have made valiant excursions into the volume, yet the key eludes us, and we are by no means sanguine that it is here discovered. We note the author identifies the harlot with "the great Roman apostate church" — a theory which in no way commends itself to us. Nor are we pleasantly impressed with the other attempts made here to unravel the mysteries. Dr. Buttz, however, it is only fair to say, rates the volume very highly indeed. He is confident the work "will take rank among the foremost scholarly analyses in all the literature of the subject." He terms it "fascinating in its style, clear in its analysis, rich in its interpretation, a distinct and important contribution to the interpretation." It is barely possible, if we had time to wade through it all, we might coincide with this opinion, but we confess to but a faint interest in the subject, and small confidence that this is the one success out of "signal and universal failure" in previous articles.

THE ETERNAL LIFE. By Hugo Munsterberg. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, 35 cents, net.

A very brief monologue on an important

subject by a learned and distinguished man; but he fails to make an important contribution to the subject. No special significance, so far as we see, can possibly attach to his speculations. His belief seems to be that we are immortal in essence, but not in individuality; that we shall live forever just in so far as we have realized in our lives absolute values through our devotion to truth and beauty, to morality and religion — a sort of a Positivist position. It is quite evident that he is not a disciple of Jesus Christ. He does not refer at all to the great Teacher or the great Book.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN; or, Evolution or Revolution — Which? By G. W. Pool, Ph. B. From the Press of the Western Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati. Price, \$1.50.

This author certainly has the courage of his convictions, for he valiantly ventures to differ from all the great names of science that have indicated their adhesion to some form of the evolutionary hypothesis or method. Mr. Pool will have none of it, and counts himself the special champion of revelation and religion, which he considers to be overthrown if evolution prevails. He stands for the "direct intervention" of God, who, he contends, brought all things into existence by "special creation." He maintains that the evolutionary theory makes man "the product of nature through the operation of fixed laws," and does away with "the necessity of divine intervention;" that "it is not a mere question of method, but primarily a question of cause, a question of origin." In this we think him very much mistaken. He builds up a bogey with which he is greatly frightened, and then proceeds to demolish him. He takes certain extreme rationalistic, materialistic, agnostic, atheistic exponents of evolution and identifies the whole business with their vagaries. We do not think he has adequately grasped the subject. Nor is he at all points consistent with himself. He distinctly says: "There is a process of evolution in nature; and there is no objection to the use of the term if it is understood to mean the development of that which has already an existence. The evolution to which objection is raised is that which holds to the spontaneous development of something out of nothing, an evolution of atoms without a guiding mind into all the complex forms of nature, both organic and inorganic." It hardly needs to be said that no Christian scholar, and no theist even, holds to such a doctrine of evolution as this. Why should a big book be written to refute it? We are glad it is only printed, not published, by our Book Concern.

THE WITNESS TO THE INFLUENCE OF CHRIST. By William Boyd Carpenter, D. D., Bishop of Ripon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.10, net.

These are the William Belden Noble Lectures for 1904, delivered at Harvard. Dr. Carpenter is a well-known writer of large ability who visited this country last autumn at the time of the Peace Conference and the Triennial Episcopal Convention. He begins this volume with a discussion of the relation of science to religion, the attempt to treat religion scientifically, and the necessity of admitting the validity of a scientific method of challenging the grounds on which truths may be based. He claims that religious faith is based on facts which are scientifically ascertainable. He discusses the debt of the world to great personalities, and the relation of greatness to a perfect harmony with God, and then goes on to urge the revivifying of Christian doctrines by laying them beside the principles of Christ. He develops the arguments against a religion which is chiefly occupied with matters outside man's consciousness. In the last chapter the Bishop sums up his

argument with a discussion of the question whether we can reach an assurance of faith which fills the needs of our character and our conduct. He pleads for the heroism of faith as against the demand for certitude and a supreme earthly authority, and closes with an assertion of the inseparability of religion and ethics. If the book contains nothing strikingly or essentially new, it is at least a strong, fresh statement of perennial truth, and a noble testimony to Christ that cannot fail to do good.

DAVID RANSOM'S WATCH. By Panay. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

The people will never get tired of reading Mrs. Alden's stories, nor, apparently, does she tire of writing. Her earlier writings, numbering more than one hundred books, were for the younger element. As she has grown older herself, she has dealt with older characters, as is the case in the present work. David Ransom is a truly noble man, and his adopted daughter, Watch, is extremely attractive. While "Panay" will never be classed with the great writers or standard novelists, but must be counted with such prolific bookmakers and storytellers as Jacob Abbott, Oliver Optic, Henty, Kellogg and Stratemeyer, more than any of these she has imparted a deep religious tone to her works and has uplifted vast multitudes.

JIMMY BROWN TRYING TO FIND EUROPE. Written by Himself and Edited by W. L. Alden. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, 90 cents.

In this new Jimmy Brown book Jimmy is sent to live with his married sister, where he is soon up to all sorts of amusing pranks. Finally, in company with Mike, an Irish boy, he sets out to find his parents. He has no better address than "Grand Hotel, Europe." Various surprising adventures lead to the reunion of the Brown family in Paris. That the book is full of fun and extremely mirth-provoking, will not be doubted by those who have read the previous volumes of the series.

THE GOSPEL MESSAGE. By Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D. D. Jennings & Graham: Cincinnati. Price, 50 cents, net.

As announced on the title-page, these are "sermons and pulpit talks delivered extemporaneously on special occasions." They bear the marks of their extemporaneousness. They are in no way doctrinal or unusual. The themes are the very familiar ones of "Christ Stilling the Tempest," "It Pays to Work for Jesus," "Love thy Neighbor as Thyself," and such like. They contain no marked divisions and extremely few quotations. They were, no doubt, listened to with pleasure and profit. But when put in cold type they suffer much from lack of the presence and glow, the vocalization and gesticulation, of the speaker. Sermons to be read with benefit should be of quite a different character from those that are often heard with benefit. This seems to be often overlooked.

Get Rid of Scrofula

Bunches, eruptions, inflammations, soreness of the eyelids and ears, diseases of the bones, rickets, dyspepsia, catarrh, wasting, are only some of the troubles it causes.

It is a very active evil, making havoc of the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates it, cures all its manifestations, and builds up the whole system.

Accept no substitute.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Third Quarter Lesson V

SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1905.

2 CHRON. 33:1-13.

MANASSEH'S SIN AND REPENTANCE

I Preliminary

GOLDEN TEXT: *Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.* — Prov. 14:24.

2. DATE: B. C. 696-641.

3. PLACES: Jerusalem and Judah.

4. PARALLEL ACCOUNT: 2 Kings 21:1-26.

5. HOME READINGS: *Monday* — 2 Chron. 33:1-13. *Tuesday* — 2 Chron. 33:14-20. *Wednesday* — 2 Kings 21:9-16. *Thursday* — Deut. 29:21-29. *Friday* — Deut. 30:1-10. *Saturday* — Psa. 51. *Sunday* — Luke 15:11-24.

II Introductory

Trouble again came upon Judah with the accession of Manasseh. Forsaking the counsels and example of his father Hezekiah, he surpassed even his father's father, the wicked Ahaz, in the audacity of his revolt from the national faith and the teachings of the elders. The reforms of the preceding reign were promptly set aside. Baal-worship again flourished, its votaries gladly emerging from the seclusion into which they were forced by Hezekiah's iconoclastic zeal. In the very courts of the temple the foul Asherah rose, displacing the altar and the ark, and importing into the holy places the licentious orgies of the most impure rites that ever polluted the face of the earth. Even the Moloch sacrifices, under the direct patronage of the king, were resumed in the Vale of Hinnom. A more infamous, more abhorrent lapse from the worship of Jehovah was never recorded in the history of the earlier church. It was worse than heathenish. In vain "the Lord spake to Manasseh;" warnings and threats were alike unheeded. So the usual and inevitable punishment followed. As on previous occasions the Assyrian was "God's sword" to execute judgment. Esar-haddon's captains led their soldiers to the Holy City. There seems to have been no effective resistance. There is mention of neither siege nor assault. The Assyrians apparently had it all their own way. They took Manasseh prisoner and carried him away in fetters to Babylon. There, a prisoner in a dungeon, he had opportunity to review the twenty-two years of his sinful reign, and to turn to the God whom he had so grievously insulted and offended. And God listened to his cry. He was pardoned, released, and restored to his kingdom and throne. The leniency shown him was justified by his subsequent course. The idolatries he had fostered he now excised. Strange gods were banished. The impure emblems in the temple were removed. The altar of Jehovah was repaired, and peace-offerings and thank-offerings sacrificed thereon. Manasseh appears to have been whole-hearted in his renunciation of idolatry; but the evil tendencies among the people which he had encouraged could not be restrained by an edict, nor could his repentance undo his past.

III Expository

1. Manasseh — the sixteenth king of

Judah, son of Hezekiah and Hephzibah; born some three years after Hezekiah's recovery; probably named after the well-known tribe in Israel, and "perhaps in allusion to the zeal with which that northern tribe had joined in Hezekiah's reforms, or to the desire which prevailed in Hezekiah's reign for a union of the two kingdoms" (Stanley). Twelve years old. — As the minimum age of accession was supposed to be eighteen, Manasseh was probably under the control of regents and counselors for six years. Reigned fifty and five years. — No other king of either Judah or Israel reigned so long.

2. Did . . . evil in the sight of the Lord — a general statement, followed by particulars in the following verses. Like unto — R. V., "after." The abominations of the heathen — the corrupt, idolatrous practices of the Canaanitish nations, driven out by Joshua. "The sins of Manasseh's reign appear to have been those which filled up the measure of Judah's iniquity, and brought down the final sentence of doom on the last remnant of the chosen people — a sentence of which not even the piety of Josiah could obtain the reversal" (Cook). Undoubtedly there was a strong body of adherents to idolatry in the nation who had been simply held in check under Hezekiah, but who now came to the front.

3. Built again the high places. — "The moral effect of such conduct would be pronounced. The 'high place' had its altar (Hos. 8:11; 10:8), its Asherah or sacred tree, and its sacred stone pillar, and not infrequently had extensive buildings (1 Kings 12:31)" (Doherty). Father had broken down — 2 Chron 31:1. Reared up altars for Baalim — plural of Baal, the supreme god of the Canaanites, supposed to have been "the deification of the generating, propagating power of nature," and worshiped under various aspects or attributes. Made groves (R. V., "made Asheroth") — probably wooden images of the feminine deity of the Phœnicians, corresponding to the Greek Aphrodite. Worshiped all the host of heaven — a new cult for Judah, probably imported from Assyria. Altars to the sun, moon, principal stars and the zodiac, on which incense was burned, were erected, sometimes on housetops, sometimes on the ground.

4, 5. Built altars in the house of the Lord — in its enclosure, probably. No more daring sacrilege could be imagined. Two courts — the higher, reserved for the priests, and the lower or court of the people. Ahaziah, the twelfth king of Judah, had been guilty of a similar affront to Jehovah (see 2 Chron. 26:16).

6. Caused (R. V., "made") his children to pass through the fire — practiced Moloch-worship. Moloch was an Ammonite god; his image was made of brass and heated by fires built inside. Children were fastened to the outstretched arms and slowly roasted to death. Valley of the son of Hinnom — "a ravine in the south and west of Jerusalem, the southeast extremity of which had the name of Tophet. Because of the horrors which had been perpetrated there, the place was defiled, and converted into a receptacle of all that was foul and offensive, for the destruction of which constant fires were kept burning. For this reason the name Ge Hinnom, modified into Gehenna, came to be employed to designate the region of eternal torment" (Lumby). Observed times (R. V., "practiced augury") — determined by omens (from sounds, flight of birds, etc.) whether certain days were favorable for trade, travel, etc., or otherwise. Used enchantments — "an unwarranted prying into the future by magical arts" (Doherty). Used witch-

craft (R. V., "practiced sorcery"). — "The Hebrew word is said to mean, 'to make a magic brew with shredded herbs'" (Cambridge Bible). Dealt with a familiar spirit (R. V., "dealt with them that had familiar spirits") — as Saul dealt with the witch of Endor (1 Sam. 28:8); the Septuagint renders the Hebrew word by a Greek term meaning ventriloquist. Wizards — those thought to be preternaturally wise.

7, 8. A carved (R. V., "the graven") image . . . in the house of God — "the graven image of Asherah" (2 Kings 21:7), "a wooden carving of shameful shape and meaning, doubtless worshiped with licentious orgies, even in the house of God, dedicated to all pure and ennobling thoughts" (Peloubet). This was "the climax of his vicious and criminal procedure." Of which God had said. — See 2 Sam. 7:10, 13, 25, 29; 1 Kings 8:29; 9:3, 9; Psa. 132:13, 14. Neither will I any more remove. — Their national permanency was conditioned upon their allegiance to Jehovah.

9. So Manasseh made Judah . . . to err. — He was the responsible party. The people followed their king. Worse than the heathen (R. V., "did evil more than did the nations"). — They out-heathened the heathen in the idolatries and licentiousness for which the latter had been destroyed. The supplanters were viler than those whom they supplanted.

10. The Lord spake to Manasseh — "by his servants the prophets" (2 Kings 21:10). They assured him that God would bring upon the people such evil as would "cause both the ears of him that heard it to tingle," and that He would "wipe Jerusalem as a

Changed Husband

Wife Made Wise Change in Food

Change of diet is the only way to really cure stomach and bowel trouble.

A woman says: "My husband had dyspepsia when we were married, and had suffered from it for several years. It was almost impossible to find anything he could eat without bad results.

"I thought this was largely due to the use of coffee, and persuaded him to discontinue it. He did so, and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. The change did him good from the beginning; his digestion improved, he suffered much less from his nervousness, and when he added Grape-Nuts food to his diet, he was soon entirely cured.

"My friend, Mrs. —, of Vicksburg — my former home — had become a nervous wreck also from dyspepsia. Medicines had no effect, neither did travel help her. On my last visit home some months ago, I persuaded her to use Grape-Nuts food. She was in despair, and consented. She stuck to it until it restored her health so completely that she is now the most enthusiastic friend of Grape-Nuts that I ever knew. She eats it with cream or dry, just as it comes from the package; keeps it in her room, and eats it whenever she feels like it.

"I began eating Grape-Nuts food myself when my baby was two months old, and I don't know what I should have done without it. My appetite was gone, I was weak and nervous, and afforded but very little nourishment for the child. The Grape-Nuts food, of which I soon grew very fond, speedily set all this right again, and the baby grew healthful, rosy and beautiful as a mother could wish. He is two years old now, and eats Grape-Nuts food himself. I wish every tired young mother knew of the good that Grape-Nuts would do her."

Names given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turnin it upside down." Would not hearken (R. V., "gave no heed"). — They despised the warnings and killed those who uttered them. Tradition says that Isaiah was one of these. "The finest oracles of Micah (6: 1-7) were probably uttered in the reign of Manasseh . . . Perhaps in Micah 7: 17 we catch the echoes of the Reign of Terror" (Farrar).

11. Wherefore the Lord brought upon them. — He either abandoned the people to their own devices, so that by some provocation they excited Assyrian hostility; or He permitted this fierce nation to invade Jerusalem in its lust of conquest unhindered by Him. The captains. — Esharhaddon was too busy, probably, to make the expedition in person. Which took Manasseh among the thorns (R. V., "in chains"). — The king apparently made no resistance. The life he led was not calculated to make a warrior of him. Carried him to Babylon — humbled and degraded.

12. When he was in affliction (R. V., "in distress"). — Things looked differently then. He came to himself then. Besought the Lord. — No idol could help him now. Humbled himself greatly before the god of his fathers. — In the Apocrypha we find recorded the "Prayer of Manasseh." It seems to have expressed his honest contrition, in words like the following: "Thou, O Lord, according to the abundance of Thy goodness, hast promised repentance and forgiveness to them that have sinned against Thee. Thou hast appointed repentance for me, the sinner; for I have sinned above the number of the sands of the sea. Now therefore I bow the knee of my heart imploring Thy grace. And I will praise Thee continually, all the days of my life."

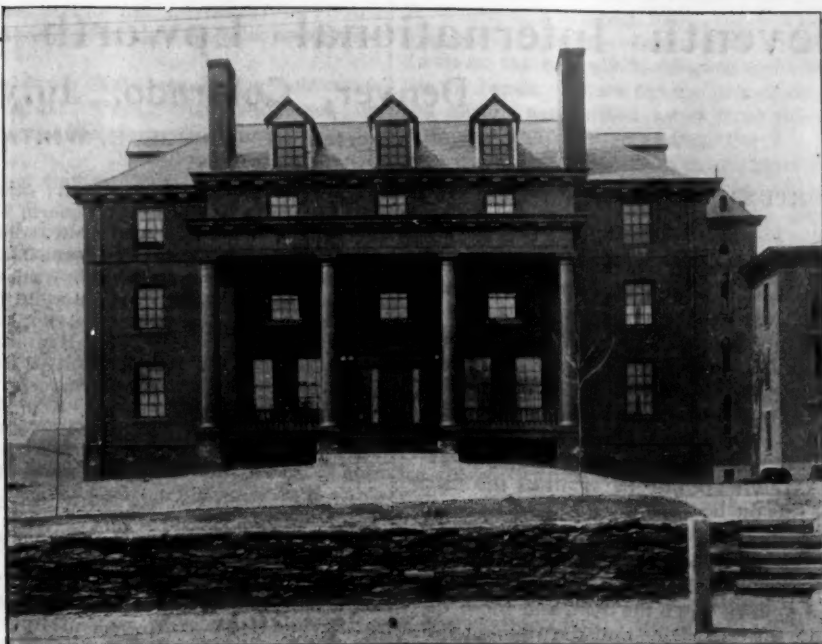
"May it not be that memory flashed into his mind truth which had been learned at home when he was a child? Many another man has been converted by such means: like the soldier fatally wounded in the Civil War who, as he lay dying, recalled vividly a sermon heard twenty years before and forgotten entirely, but which now showed him the way of salvation. It is a motive to Christian nurture that in many such instances seed sown in childhood, after lying buried for a generation, finally comes to life and bears blessed fruit" (Holmes).

13. He was entreated of him. — "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive." "He is a very present help in trouble." "He delighteth in mercy." Brought him again to Jerusalem. — However his release and restoration were effected, whether by the death of Esharhaddon or by some other unexpected incident, God was behind it all. Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God. — "He received that revelation of the divine character which comes alone through a regenerate life" (Holmes).

Manasseh is unique alike in extreme wickedness, sincere penitence, and thorough reformation. The reformation of Julius Caesar or of our Henry V., or, to take a different class of instances, the conversion of St. Paul, was nothing compared to the conversion of Manasseh. It was as though Herod the Great or Caesar Borgia had been checked midway in a career of cruelty and vice, and had thenceforward lived pure and holy lives, glorifying God by ministering to their fellowmen. Such a repentance gives us hope for the most abandoned (Professor Bennett).

IV Illustrative

Jeremiah may have had Manasseh in mind when he wrote: "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and with the point of a diamond." The repentant king found that true. He was powerless to impart penitence to his people; his edicts could not eradicate their idolatry and



Eastman Memorial Hall, East Greenwich Academy

The Eastman Memorial Hall, exclusively for young ladies, was begun in July, 1904, and finished in February, 1905. The entire cost, including heating, plumbing and lighting, was \$21,500. It provides dormitory and study rooms for fifty persons. On the first floor are large and conveniently arranged reception rooms; on the second floor are accommodations for the two literary societies; on the third floor is situated the assembly room, with a superb outlook upon the beautiful Narragansett; on the fourth floor is the hospital, with every convenience for the care of patients. In the basement, which is twelve feet high, are the laundry facilities and a fine gymnasium for physical culture work.

breathe into them a spirit of true worship; he could not regain their confidence and esteem. He was not buried in the royal sepulchre, but in his own private garden; and the rabbis said, after he had gone, that he was one of three kings, the others being Jeroboam and Ahab, who could have no part in the life of the redeemed. Yet over against their hard judgment he was privileged to set the promise which perhaps he had heard from Isaiah's own lips: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him." This, then, seems to be the lesson of this life: abounding sin, abounding repentance, abounding pardon. Here is hope for all sinners (T. J. Holmes).

Deaconess Doings

— In England deaconesses who have been in the service twelve years receive the "True Badge" — a bar pin bearing the word "True."

— An eight-months old baby boy from Chicago was received as the first charge of the Deaconess Baby Fold at Normal, Ill.

— The deaconesses of the Milwaukee Home attended the Epworth International Convention at Denver in a body, the board kindly furnishing the transportation.

— Bishop Merrill conducted the Sunday afternoon services at the Chicago Old People's Home, June 18. His fine sermon was much enjoyed by the members of the Home.

— A deaconess in Cleveland, Ohio, has organized a Home Department Sunday-school class among the nurses of Huron Street Hospital. Since the work began there has been a marked improvement in the tone of the institution. So says the superintendent.

— The Invalid Children's Home at Verbank, N. Y., has received its regular company of little patients sent out each summer from New York city. This addition to the family increases the number of children cared for to more than forty.

— Harris Hall Club for young women observed its fifth anniversary, June 15, by a pleasant dinner given to its members and friends. Dr. W. A. Quayle, pastor of St. James' Church, Chicago, made a short address. Since

its opening in 1900, 1,700 young women have been accommodated.

— Seattle General Hospital has been filled to its utmost capacity the past year, and patients have been turned away for lack of room. The building has recently been remodeled and an addition built.

— A night school was conducted by deaconesses last winter and spring with unusual success in the Italian district of New York city. Six were enrolled at the beginning of the school, but before its close thirty-three men were in regular attendance. Thirty were converted through the influence of the earnest women who managed the school, and are now members of the church.

— An orphanage has just been opened by deaconesses at Pueblo, Col. Ten children are being cared for temporarily in one of the cottages, and plans are now maturing for a permanent home. Beds have been donated by several churches, and a room was furnished by the Philanthropic Club. The pastors of the city are giving special attention to the establishing of this Home.

— The William Deering School at the Deaconess Orphanage, Lake Bluff, Ill., completed its first year's work, June 22. In the three rooms 116 children, ranging from beginners to sixth grade, were enrolled. The progress made by the pupils is encouraging. One of the children whose insatiable thirst for knowledge is a constant delight to his teacher characterized the work of the school by saying: "Seems as if our work in school is just like the change from winter to spring — one day doesn't seem to make much difference, but in all the days you learn a lot."

Cancer of the Breast

So many people are dying of this terrible disease! The disease is increasing with wonderful rapidity. Mrs. B. F. Southard, of Buffalo, Mo., has recently recovered from a most advanced stage of this disease by the Oil treatment of Dr. Bye, of Kansas City, Mo. Mrs. Nancy F. Billings, of West Bridgewater, Mass., was cured by home treatment. Persons afflicted should write Dr. Bye for 112-page illustrated book on the treatment of cancer in its various forms. Address Dr. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.

Seventh International Epworth League Convention Denver, Colorado, July 6-10

Reported by GEORGE E. WHITAKER.

FORTUNE favored us En Route

with bright skies, warm sunshine, and even an east wind to temper the heat, as we left the North Station on Monday, July 3, for the International Epworth League Convention. The cars were not very well filled when we started, although there was one squad of nine from Maine who had already had a piece of their journey. At almost every stop from Boston to Syracuse, however, we added to our party until the full quota was on board. We had two cars to ourselves—one a regular Pullman, the other a tourist sleeper. The whole journey was very pleasant. Three or four showers helped to keep down the dust, and most of the time the sun shone and the atmosphere was clear, giving the travelers a splendid view of the country through which the train was taking them. Just before reaching Chicago our car was detached from the train and taken around to the tracks of the Northwestern Railroad, thus giving us a better idea of the suburbs and outlying portions of Chicago than most travelers have. An automobile ride through Lincoln Park and along the lake front in Chicago gave us a view of many of the finest residences in Chicago and of the provisions for recreation which are afforded by the Windy City for its inhabitants. We missed most of the noisy part of the celebration of the Fourth, but no complaints were heard!

During Wednesday we were crossing Iowa. New England farmers would never return to their native States if they could see these superb farms—acre after acre of rich dark soil, with wheat and corn growing luxuriantly. Every farm looked thrifty. It has all the appearance of a prosperous State. Cattle and hogs were much in evidence in Nebraska and Colorado fields, although as we drew nearer to Denver the soil became much poorer, and little by way of cultivation was apparently done except near the river by the irrigating ditches or with the aid of the windmills that were visible occasionally. We saw something of the "Great American Desert" in the eastern part of this State.

As we neared Denver the mountains that make the State famous began to raise their heads in the west, and with the snows of the winter in their ravines reminded us that Denver itself is almost a mile in altitude above sea level. Forty-six miles from Denver we were met by a delegation who gave us each a badge, and a card of printed directions, that every one might know where to go and what street-car line to take.

New England Headquarters

was in North Denver at the handsome stone Asbury Church. Here 97 delegates from New England registered, as follows:

From Maine—Rev. M. F. Bridgman, Patten; Miss Nannie E. Brown, South Portland; Miss Annie B. Case, Lubec; Miss Abbie A. Chandler, Dexter; Mrs. Ada C. Fisher, South Portland; Mrs. N. Geddes Fiske, Rockland; Miss Louise Fiske, Rockland; Miss Kathleen Fiske, Rockland; Miss C. A. Higgins, Portland; Miss M. P. Higgins, Portland; Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Luce, Columbia Falls; Miss Mary A. McKay, Camden; Miss Minnie E. Nutter, Portland.

From New Hampshire—Ernest C. Brett, Keene; Rev. E. S. Collier, Antrim; Rev. C. C. Garland, Claremont; Scott E. Williams, Keene; Charles H. Brown, Littleton.

From Massachusetts—Joseph E. Allen, Gloucester; Ernest W. Anderson, Brockton; Miss A. C. Balcom, Springfield; Miss Bertha C. Bixby, West Groton; Miss Frances A. Carnes,

Attleboro; Charles Morse, Haverhill; Mrs. Ida Clark, Malden; Miss Corinne A. Coburn, Lynn; Rev. and Mrs. H. D. Deetz, Haverhill; Miss Bertha M. Dempsey, Fitchburg; Miss Jessie Banfield, Haverhill; Mrs. Carrie H. Durgin, Wollaston; Miss Florence Etman, Pittsfield; Miss Edwards, Springfield; Miss Louise Hanson, Stoneham; R. L. Harris, Northampton; Miss Henrietta F. Johnson, Rosindale; Herbert C. Little, Haverhill; Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lovell, Malden; Miss Sadie C. MacDougell, Malden; Mrs. R. B. McKenzie, Lawrence; H. Lester Newhall, Brockton; Mrs. M. H. Nichols, Lynn; Miss Emma T. Norris, Brockton; William B. Oliver, Boston; Miss Nellie H. Paul, East Saugus; Miss Alice Pendleton, Malden; Miss Carrie E. Perkins, Salem; Rev. and Mrs. J. O. Randall, Attleboro; Miss Nancy E. Read, Boston; Miss Mabelle F. Small, Brockton; Chas. H. Sullivan, Cambridge; Miss Charlotte S. Taylor, Attleboro; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Towle, Concord; Miss Helen Towle, Concord; Miss C. Bernice Townsend, Lynn; Miss Martha Ward, Malden; Miss Sarah E. Ward, Malden; Geo. E. Whitaker, Somerville; Miss Clara M. Witt, Granby; Miss Olive M. Wright, Pittsfield; Mrs. Geo. E. Yahnig, Holbrook; Herbert H. Yahnig, Holbrook; Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Antrim, Springfield; Mrs. Allen, Boston; Miss Goodman, Boston; Miss Saldee Goodman, Boston; Mr. Ober, Melrose; Howard S. Wilkinson, Newburyport; Charles Conant, Dorchester.

From Vermont—Mrs. F. W. Bissonette, Shelburne; Rev. and Mrs. I. P. Chase, Plainfield; Rev. Clarence Miller, Rupert; Mrs. D. L. Sanders, Barre; Miss Gladys Sanders, Montpelier; Mrs. J. O. Sowden and child, Barre; Mrs. C. P. Taplin, Highgate; Mrs. S. B. Currier, Highgate.

From Rhode Island—James S. Curran, Providence; Miss Louise E. Dawley, Providence; Richard E. Hamlin, Providence; Miss B. Marion Hope, Providence; Miss Hattie Hughes, Pawtucket; Miss Charlotte E. Joslin, Woonsocket; Miss Maude Skerry, Providence; N. E. White, Providence.

From Connecticut—Harvey L. Brown, New Haven; J. Paul Kaufman, Norwich; Walter W. Keeney, Manchester; Mrs. B. Neff, Portland; Charles H. Neff, Portland; Miss Ella M. Stanley, Highland Park; Rev. W. F. Taylor, Manchester.

These from New York were in our party as we traveled out.—Rev. Fred W. Adams, Schenectady; Rev. A. D. Angell, Broadalbin; John Babcock, Selkirk; Rev. Edgar H. Brown, Albany; O. F. Conable, Fultonville; Lewis A. Fenton, Broadalbin; Rev. John L. Fort, Jr., Albany; Miss E. Helen Hannahs, Albany; Mrs. D. S. Harris, W. Chazy; D. P. Harris, W. Chazy; Rev. C. L. Jenkins, Greenfield Centre; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lanning, Herkimer; Miss Caroline A. Sill, Albany; Rev. Geo. K. Statham, Granville.

H. R. Stephens, of Asheville, N. C., was our efficient guide from Boston to Denver.

Upon registration assignments for lodging and meals were made for those who desired. Arrangements had been made for five hundred New England visitors, and many kind Denver people were disappointed that no persons could be sent to them.

The next place to visit was general headquarters, where all sorts of information on all sorts of subjects was cheerfully given. Here was the general post-office and place for telegrams. Here was opportunity to purchase tickets for the excursions of next week. Here were uniformed girls and boys, maidens and youths, who sprang to be of use as soon as they saw the look of question in the face.

The Convention

The opening services of the convention were held at 10 A. M. on Thursday. To packed houses filled with enthusiastic young soldiers of the Cross the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, and talented Congressman Bonyng, gave in fitting and eloquent words the welcome of the

State and city to the gathered hosts. In each place, also, a representative of local Methodism gave a similar welcome. In acknowledgment of these were responses by representatives of the young people themselves—from the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. H. D. Atchison, D. D., of Dubuque, Iowa, Rev. W. S. Matthews, D. D., of Berkeley, Cal., and Rev. A. E. Craig, D. D., of Ottumwa, Iowa; for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Rev. H. M. DuBose, D. D., of Nashville, Fla., Rev. A. F. Watkins, D. D., of Jackson, Miss., and Rev. T. N. Ivey, D. D., of Raleigh, N. C.; for the Methodist Church of Canada, Rev. G. F. Salton, Ph. B., of Ottawa, Ont., Rev. S. D. Chown, D. D., of Toronto, Ont., and Rev. I. Tovell, D. D., of Toronto, Ont.

The meeting at Trinity Church was presided over by Bishop J. F. Berry, president of the Epworth League; that in the Coliseum Hall by Rev. Stephen J. Herben, editor of the *Epworth Herald*; and that in the Central Presbyterian Church by Rev. A. C. Crews, general secretary of the Epworth League of Canada. A telegram of appreciation and best wishes was read from President Roosevelt, and letters from Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, Bishop T. B. Neely of South America, and Dr. A. O. Mansell, acting general secretary of the Epworth League of India. Bishop Berry said, in part: "Let us let recreation and thoughts of having a good time pass for the present, and let the Denver Convention go down in church history as the great revival convention." Mayor Speer: "Success is wrongfully measured by dollars. The love, confidence, kind words and good opinion of friends and acquaintances have more true value than all the gold in our mountains without them." Congressman Bonyng: "Take your motto, 'Look up, Lift up,' and stand in front of those snowy peaks of the Rockies and you can never look high enough to imagine in what regard we hold your grand organization."

Thursday Afternoon

The key-thought for the afternoon services was "Evangelism," and addresses on this subject were simultaneously given in the three great assembly places. "Evangelism the Need of the Hour," was the theme of Rev. S. F. Stout, of St. Paul, Minn., at Trinity Church; of Rev. John Handley, D. D., of Long Branch, N. J., at the Coliseum; and of Rev. Joshua Stansfield, D. D., of Indianapolis, at the Presbyterian Church. These were followed by addresses on "Young Life in the Church," by Rev. W. T. G. Brown, of Kingston, Ont., in Trinity Church; by Rev. W. F. Packard, D. D., of Hannibal, Mo., in the Coliseum; and by Rev. C. K. Jennings, of Berkeley, Cal., in the Presbyterian Church. The final addresses in these places were on "Soul Winners—their Equipment and Work," by Rev. Fred W. Adams, D. D., of Schenectady, N. Y., in Trinity Church; by Rev. Richard Hobbs, of Strathroy, Ont., in the Coliseum; and by Rev. J. H. Young, D. D., of St. Louis, Mo., in the Presbyterian Church. Rev. John Handley said: "The darkest hour in the history of the church since the day of Pentecost was the last two decades of the last century. Proportionately fewer people were won for the Christian religion than ever before. But the morning cometh. On all sides, from India, Africa, Philippines, Australia, London, Wales, and scores of our States, revivals have been in progress. Take posses-

sion of God's grace and get into your place and do your duty there."

Rev. F. W. Adams: "Learn the meaning of a lost soul. Study the lives of men who have been powers for good. Know Christ, and then do things. Practice three things—the presence of God by private devotions, personal work by courageously doing for Christ, and the fellowship with Christ by the indwelling Spirit. Get the supreme passion of showing out in your living the spirit of Christ himself."

Thursday Evening

Three very crowded services were held. One of the places was so packed that an hour was lost trying to induce those in aisles and passageways to go elsewhere. At the Coliseum Bishop Hendrix, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, spoke. He said: "Christ never allowed for a breaking-point in man. Granite has a crushing point, but man has none. Thus He fitted him for life work. God takes a man who is repentant and puts new power in him. Man's distrust of man has worked many wrongs. Man should be measured by the services he renders others in their behalf. It is the marvel of the world how men, not seeing the infinite, but believing, struggle on and accomplish their purposes."

At the Presbyterian Church Rev. Dr. W. A. Quayle, of Chicago, spoke on "The Mount of God." It had to do with attainment of strength through suffering, with refinement of Christian character through fires of adversity. It was vibrant with optimism over the possibilities of the human soul, and joyfully prophetic of the high rewards to the earnest human search for the divine.

At Trinity Church Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, of London, spoke on "The Business of Religion." "It is not a question so much of what a man eats as what he does with it. Live a day at a time. God gives us as much as we can take care of—a day at a time. Be sure you are on the right road. God can make as good a saint out of weak people as out of strong. He can do more for weak people. Jesus Christ can never do more for me than He has done except as I receive Him. Take these rules for living: 1. Get a good start; 2. Put the word in the right place; 3. Pray for what you want; 4. Take a bit of dinner for the soul; 5. End the day right. In your praying be honest with God; call things by their right names." The great audience hung breathless on his words, and at the close united in singing two verses each of "America" and "God Save the King."

Friday Morning

The early morning service, led by Bishop Berry, began promptly at 6.30, and was attended by 1,800 people. The topic was, "Private Communion with God Every Day." The whole audience was lifted spiritually into a plane of consecration to God for service.

Six departmental conferences were held this morning. That at Trinity Church, on the "Missionary Work of the League," was especially thronged. Mrs. F. O. Stephenson, of Toronto, spoke on "Missionary Study Classes and How to Run Them;" Prof. S. H. Thompson, of Chuckey, Tenn., on "The Missionary Committee;" Mr. J. M. Denyes, of Whitby, Ont., on "Missionary Literature;" and Rev. Henry Trawick, of Birmingham, Ala., on "Christian Stewardship." Wm. B. Oliver, of Boston, conducted a question drawer, and showed a comprehensive grasp of the subject that enabled him to give concise, logical and informational answers to the large number of questions.

His answer to the question: "How shall we raise money for missions?" "Don't raise money, give it," brought hearty response.

At Coliseum Hall was held a conference on Spiritual Work, with addresses on "Devotional Meeting as a Means of Spiritual Culture," "Devotional Meeting as a Means of Saving Young People," "Our Chapter a Spiritual Force," and "The Leader and his Difficulties."

The Literary and Social conference at the Presbyterian Church considered both of these factors in League work. Miss Hattie Wordswell, of Buffalo, told an interesting story of how a city church carried out a unique Bible study experiment. The discussion here drifted into the amusement question.

A very interesting and helpful Junior conference was held at Grace Church, a Pastors' conference at the First Congregational Church, and a conference on Summer schools at St. Paul's Church (Church South). All of these departmental meetings impressed the visitor as attended by delegates who were anxious to learn the best methods, that the work awaiting them might be most successfully done.

Friday Afternoon

The topic for all meetings this afternoon was, "The Problems We Face;" and the topics upon which addresses were given at the three mass meetings were: "The Sabbath—Shall it be Sacred or Secular?" "Our Foreign Populations," "The Churchless Masses, (a) in the Cities, (b) in Camp and Mine." Rev. L. H. Dorchester, of St. Louis, was one of the speakers on the first subject, and said, in part: "We gain nothing by insisting on a distinction of sacred and secular as applied to days. These terms belong to men, not to things. We gain nothing by being puritanical. Sabbath desecration is not new, but it will not be cured by repression. We must lift up the good things that the Sabbath stands for, so that the people will want it. It stands for freedom from toil. It makes possible the maintenance of a working tone and counts for advancement in the public health. Certain kinds of labor are necessary, but we as Christians should watch that we have none done for us needlessly. Let the Golden Rule apply here. Man needs the Sabbath for his spiritual welfare as well as for his physical. Too many live as though they had no soul. When the first thing to do on the Lord's day is to realize the presence of God in the heart, the balance of the day will be properly looked after."

Among the speakers on "The Churchless Masses" was Mr. S. H. Hadley, of New York, whose experiences as a worker for many years in the Jerry McAuley Mission in New York city moved the audience repeatedly from laughter to tears. His own experience of conversion and those of others which he gave, emphasized in a practical way that God loves the sinner and Christianity has a wonderful power to reform men.

Friday Evening

Bishop C. B. Galloway, of Jackson, Miss., and Rev. J. L. McLaughlin, of Manila, addressed a great congregation in Trinity Church. Mr. McLaughlin gave a very encouraging report of what the Methodist Church is doing in the Philippines. Bishop Galloway made a wonderful address. He said: "Love of country is purified and intensified by religion, and the ballot is as holy as the common book of prayer. The virtues of heart are greater than the powers of crown or sceptre. We do not want an oligarchy of the arrogant rich. Make politics a profession." He paid glowing tributes to Lincoln, McKinley and Roosevelt.

The speakers at the Coliseum were Rev. H. Wigle, of Winnipeg, Man., and Dr. D. S. Spencer, of Tokyo, Japan. Dr. Spencer dwelt on the education, religion and social life of Japan. Japan is now in a crisis, as the nation has drifted away from the old religion. Shall it become Christian?

At the Presbyterian Church the principal speaker was Bishop H. W. Warren, of Denver. Rev. W. B. Murrah, of Jackson, Miss., also spoke here. Bishop Warren told of the wonderful growth of the Christian religion among the heathen nations, especially in India and China. God commands us to still further spread the knowledge of His kingdom and promises success. Livingstone said God only had one Son, and He was a missionary. As Christ came as a physician, teacher, and Saviour, so we go to foreign lands to heal, to teach, to save. As he drew illustrations from his visits to India and the Philippines, the audience increased in faith that all the people should yet acknowledge our Christ.

Saturday Morning

Bishop Berry conducted an early service, the keynote of which was, "Consecrated for Service"—a consecration so complete that no experience of the future shall turn the purpose from practical Christian activity.

The subject for consideration this morning was, "Personal Service," and the topics on which addresses were made were: "Personal Spiritual Experience," "Personal Responsibility for the Unsaved," "How may God Use Me in Personal Service?" and "Fellow Workers' Covenant." This program was followed closely in each of the mass meetings. The speakers at Trinity Church were: Rev. Dr. Merton S. Rice, Duluth, Minn.; Rev. F. S. Parker, D. D., Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. C. A. Sykes, Smith's Falls, Ont., Canada; Rev. Parker Shields, Quincy, Ill. At Central Presbyterian addresses were made by Rev. D. A. Moir, St. Catharines, Ont.; Rev. Dr. W. C. Lovett, Atlanta, Ga.; Rev. J. A. Taylor, Mt. Vernon, Ill.; Rev. Dr. T. S. Henderson, Stamford, Conn. At the Coliseum the speakers were: Rev. M. E. Swartz, Patton, Pa.; Rev. J. W. Taylor, Aberdeen, S. D.; Rev. S. H. Hadley, New York city; Rev. W. J. Calfee, Kansas City, Kan. These three services led the audiences to a wider and fuller grasp of the part the individual plays in the salvation of the world, and at

COMES A TIME

When Coffee Shows what it has been Doing

"Of late years coffee has disagreed with me," writes a matron from Rome, N. Y.; "it's lightest punishment was to make me 'logy' and dizzy, and it seemed to thicken up my blood."

"The heaviest was when it upset my stomach completely, destroying my appetite and making me nervous and irritable, and sent me to my bed. After one of these attacks, in which I nearly lost my life, I concluded to quit and try Postum Food Coffee."

"It went right to the spot. I found it not only a most palatable and refreshing beverage, but a food as well. All my ailments, the 'loginess' and dizziness, the unsatisfactory condition of my blood, my nervousness and irritability, disappeared in short order, and my sorely afflicted stomach began quickly to recover. I began to rebuild, and have steadily continued until now. Have a good appetite, and am rejoicing in sound health, which I owe to the use of Postum Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," found in each package.

the close of each meeting a blank "covenant" was distributed, with request that it be prayed over and then signed, and that the Leaguers present obtain as many at home to sign as possible. Rev. J. W. Taylor, at the Coliseum, said: "The sweetest joy a man can know is to help a brother out of darkness and bring a sinner to a forgiving Christ. I would rather be a missionary than to have any office in the gift of the church. Helping a soul find God is the greatest joy in the universe." Rev. T. S. Henderson, at the Presbyterian Church, spoke on method of obtaining power for personal work, basing his words on Elisha's experience in parting from Elijah: 1. He requested it; 2. It was conditionally granted; 3. He renounced self; 4. He claimed the power; 5. He used it; 6. It was acknowledged by others.

Saturday Afternoon

The afternoon was given up to sight-seeing. No meetings were held, and special excursions had been arranged. The railroads evidently had all they could attend to, and some of the young people did not get back until after midnight, but no accidents marred the day, and the wonders of nature as we saw them but emphasized the marvelous resources of God and the wonderful ingenuity of man.

Saturday Evening

Not all went on the longer excursions, or, if they did, they returned more promptly, for three well attended meetings were held in the evening, on "Citizenship." That at Trinity Church was addressed by Rev. S. D. Chown, Toronto, on "Manhood and Citizenship," and by Miss Isabella Horton, Chicago, on "Woman and Service." At the Presbyterian Church the speakers were Rev. Herbert Welch, president of Ohio Wesleyan, and Rev. James Allen, Toronto, on "Education and Culture." At the Coliseum the subject was "Temperance," and the speakers were Rev. S. A. Bright, D. D., Junction City, Kan., and Bishops Galloway and Wilson. These addresses were fully in line with the advanced stand of the Methodist Episcopal Church on this subject, and being given in a wide open city—for such Denver seems to be—it was a direct message in a needed place.

There were a few light showers today, but it did not quench the enthusiasm nor lessen the attendance.

Sunday Morning

The weather was beautiful, and under skies full of sunshine it was but natural that the gospel message of sunshine and joy should have a ready reception.

No convention services were held in the morning, but the twenty-five Methodist churches of the city and neighboring towns and twenty other pulpits were occupied by distinguished visitors. At the various Methodist churches love-feasts preceded the morning preaching services. These were helpful and inspiring. Your reporter was present at that held in Trinity Church, and found it the best he had ever attended. It was led by Rev. Dr. Nicholson, assisted by Rev. Dr. J. S. Montgomery, pastor. A masterly sermon was preached here by Bishop Galloway on "Effect of Christianity on the World." It gave a new conception of God—an omnipotent God, guided

by infinite love. It gave a new idea of man; a new conception of man's duty to man; a new conception of childhood, of womanhood and motherhood; of relations of nations to each other. This stream of Christianity is deepening, and it means the deepening of our own lives; and it will grow until it reaches the ends of the earth."

Sunday Afternoon

Six mass meetings were held. Two were men's meetings, one a young people's meeting, one a mothers' meeting, and two junior rallies. All places were well filled, and all the programs were well carried out. At the meeting in the Coliseum S. H. Hadley, of New York city, mightily moved on the hearts of the men as he told experiences from his work in the mission. Again and again men wept as he told of the wonderful salvation of men and women from lives of drunkenness and shame to usefulness as Christians for their fellowmen. Bishop Wilson was the last speaker, closing the meeting with a stirring appeal for the enthronement of Christ in the individual heart of each man present.

The Mothers' Meeting was addressed by three elect sisters whose counsel, cheer and inspiration will long continue with those who heard them.

Much might be written of the other rallies, but space will not permit. They were worthy of elaborate reports. The children were delighted at the Junior rallies. What nobler work is being done than this guiding of the growing thoughts of the next generation? What a pity that so many parents are willing to delegate this delicate and important task to others!

Sunday Evening

At each of the evening meetings resolutions were read and enthusiastically adopted in favor of such societies as are striving to bring about civic righteousness in legislation; in temperance work reaffirming the stand of the church for the overthrow of the saloon; in behalf of the same standard of personal purity for men and women; against polygamy and the canton; asking for uniform legislation on the divorce question; requesting passage of the Hepburn-Dolliver bill; greetings to Bishop Joyce in his illness and appreciations to Denver committees, railroads, homes, etc. These were adopted by great majorities.

The addresses were on the subjects, "The Spirit and the Bride say Come," "Now is the Accepted Time," and a "Farewell Address." These topics were followed in each of the eight farewell meetings, and naturally the best men available were chosen to speak.

The first speaker at Grace Methodist Episcopal Church was Rev. J. O. Randall, of Attleboro, Mass. "Destiny is set by God, and He gives every man a chance to reach his destiny. This call, brought to the heart of man by discontent, by advertisement, by appetite, by the tender invitation, by its comprehensive sweep, includes all and is easily accepted by all. It calls man to be generous, to serve his fellow, to sacrifice. Can he do it? Yes, by the power of redemption, regeneration and sanctification."

The farewell address at Trinity Church was by Rev. E. H. Brown, of Albany, N. Y. He took as his theme the coming of the disciples down from the Mount of Transfiguration, and skillfully drew parallels with the return of these disciples and the delegates to their homes during the coming week. In the transfiguration there were a select number sitting together; they knew more about Him than before; they discovered that the central theme was the cross, the experience was a preparation for work to come, they had to

go down to the world to destroy the works of the devil. Upon going down the hill you will find that your Heavenly Father will stand between you and your foes. The disciples thought they could do something, and they tried to. They knew they failed, and they asked Jesus why. His answer was that faith was a result of prayer and sacrifice.

The whole audience united in the following creed: "I believe that Jesus Christ is Lord of heaven and earth. I accept Him as my personal Lord and Master; and I here and now and forever consecrate my whole life to His service." What a power our church will be if every member will subscribe sincerely and honestly to this creed, and live it every day! God bless the young people of this generation!

Notes

—The six-months-old baby of the New England delegation was the prize traveler of the party. He was the son of Mrs. J. O. Sowden, of Barre, Vt., and a grand-nephew of Rev. I. P. Chase, of Plainfield, Vt.

—Morning devotions were held on the train in Iowa and in Colorado. A vesper service was held in the evening while we were riding through Nebraska.

—Methodist ministers make good traveling companions. We had ten in our delegations.

—To a New Englander the land of Southern Canada and the State of Iowa looks very flat and uninteresting. The quality of the soil and the thriftiness of the farms atone in a measure.

—In Iowa each farmhouse is surrounded by a group of trees—a shade in summer and a wind-break in winter.

—This trip is a wedding journey for Rev. and Mrs. I. P. Chase, of Plainfield, Vt. They were married, July 1.

—The "Denver Club" delegation had a patriotic concert on the afternoon of July 4, while approaching Chicago. Solos, recitations, impromptu speeches, made up the program.

—Almost all excursion trains were late on Thursday morning—from three to eleven hours. Many delegates lost the first session thereby.

—One of our party read us a report (?) of the morning session which had been received by wireless (?) while we were one hundred away.

—Rev. J. O. Randall, in charge of the Providence section, proved himself the same hearty, good natured and thoughtful fellow that his friends had imagined him to be.

—Mr. H. R. Stephens, the official excursion manager, took excellent care of the party, putting himself out to add in many ways to the comfort of all.

—Registration cards from Denver were on the train soon after leaving Chicago. Epworth League messengers met us with greetings and directions forty miles before reaching Denver.

—Flowers of the different States were regularly gathered by members of the party as the train stopped at various stations.

—Mountains with ravines filled with snow made an inspiring scene during the last hour's ride.

—Everywhere about the streets and in the vestibules of the churches were young people

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Witch Hazel is not the same thing. On analysis of seventy samples of Witch Hazel—so often offered as "just as good"—fifty-two were found to contain wood alcohol or formaldehyde or both. To avoid danger of poisoning insist on having

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

POND'S EXTRACT

wearing a button which read: "I am from Denver—ask me." And every question received the best of attention.

— Human ingenuity seems to have been ransacked to provide for every possible contingency. No general committee seems to have more thoroughly prepared for every possible need and demand.

— The announcement of the very serious condition of Bishop Joyce, for four years president of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was received with much sorrow.

— A reception Wednesday afternoon was given to the Bishops—without their presence. Delayed trains kept them until too late, but many general officers of the Epworth League of the three churches were present, and an informal reception took place.

— Bishop H. W. Warren's part in the welcome was too inconspicuous, but it was done in a whole-hearted, convincing way that went straight to the hearts of the hearers.

— Saturday morning a cablegram was read from Bishop Burt, who was presiding over a conference in Nicolaistad: "Finland Epworthians send greeting."

— The Methodist Book Concern has a splendid exhibit, worthy of the great publishing house. Not only was there a profusion of their books, especially those for Epworth League and mission study purposes, but one large classroom in the high school was given up to a display of processes of manufacture, showing stages in the making of paper, type, forms, electrotyping, printing and binding. It was very well-arranged and instructive withal. Another large class-room contained a large and well chosen assortment of the books published by the Concern, and a long section of the corridor had a table with Bibles and semi-theological works.

— The Denver High School was a hive of industry. There were rooms for chairmen of the general committees, bureaus of information, bureaus for entertainment, a general post-office, women's missionary headquarters, excursion headquarters where all sorts of such information could be had for the asking, and tickets at reduced rates. Scores of young people were at hand to supply every need. Guides to places of entertainment stood ready for the new-comer.

— Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church was the popular assembly place of the convention. This is a beautiful stone church—the largest Methodist edifice in the West (meaning the Rocky Mountain region). It seats about two thousand, and, decorated with the American and British flags and the Epworth League colors, red, white and yellow, it made a most attractive auditorium. An excellent leader of the singing had been provided here, and, with the aid of the powerful organ, the singing was an inspiration.

— Central Presbyterian Church was a large brown-stone edifice about two blocks from Trinity, seating about 2,000, and was well decorated. Their organ was not used, and the singing did not go as well. This, together with its location—just off the natural lines of travel—discouraged attendance here; yet while this church was crowded only at a few sessions, it always had good audiences.

— The Coliseum was a hall seating about 2,500 people. Externally it was insignificant, but the interior arrangements, especially after the decorating committee were through, was very attractive. This was located about four blocks west of Trinity Church and about a block from the high school.

— The three places of assembly were augmented on Sunday by the use of several other large churches.

— Denver is a charming city, with wide streets and ample buildings. Few manufactories

are in evidence, and yet prosperity seems to be evident on every side. The residences are all detached buildings, and in most instances unpretentious, but comfortable. Outside of the business district a building of more than two stories is a rarity.

— Words cannot express the beauties of the scenery to the west of Denver and in the neighborhood of Manitou. The writer has always read descriptions of these places with some allowance for the enthusiasm of the writer and some discount for the necessary attractiveness of well-written advertising matter, but actual sight gives a new conception. These wonders are ample proof to the Christian that a master Hand directed the building of this world, and, having made man capable of great conceptions, He has placed in some sections scenes which shall test his capabilities.

— At the New England rally a committee of two was appointed to convey to those having charge of the New England headquarters our appreciation of the work done for our entertainment.

— Yell of New England delegation:

"Ki-yi-yi! Ki-yi-yi!
Denver! Denver!
Up so high,
Here we are—Rah, Rah, Rah,
New England!
New England!"

— Yell of Brockton delegation:

"Who are we? Who are we?
We are the Methodists,
Don't you see?
Are we in it?
I guess we are.
Brockton! Brockton!
Rah, Rah, Rah!"

— The New England people who now live in Denver have formed State clubs. I herewith give the names of the members of each of these State clubs, with the place in each State from which they came to Denver:

Maine—Mrs. Francis A. Beare, Bath; Miss M. H. Beckett, Calais; Wm. Mason Bond, Portland; Mrs. Nettie M. Denham, Berwick; Mrs. F. L. Greene, Portland; John A. Greene, Portland; O. W. Henry, Portland; Geo. L. Kimball, Portland; Mrs. Geo. L. Kimball, Portland; Miss Martha A. Pease, Bridgton; Mrs. E. W. Rory, Whitteville; Mrs. R. Anderson Whitney, Portland; Miss Sophia G. Walker, East Lebanon; Miss Mabel E. Russell, Kent's Hill; Mrs. Chas. E. Dearborn, Lewiston; Mrs. E. W. Ray, Whitteville; Mrs. Julia McDonald, Whitteville; Mrs. Etta Whittemore, East Machias; Miss Amelia W. Young, Calais; Mrs. J. S. Best, Calais.

New Hampshire—Miss Minna A. Hickey, Manchester; Miss Emma J. Hickey, Manchester; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. C. Snattuck, Keene.

Vermont—Mrs. Laila W. Bailey, Bennington; F. E. Bush, Brookline; Miss Beulah Cotton, Turland; Mrs. Jennie Foster, Barton Landing; Dr. Wm. H. Flint, Williamstown; Mrs. Frank M. Hawley, Burlington; J. J. Joslin, Poultney; C. J. Powers, Rutland; Miss Harriet M. Rice, Westford; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Storrs, Burlington; Simeon T. Shields, North Craftsbury; Mrs. C. A. Ware, Westford; Mrs. Mary M. Parker, St. Albans; L. E. Bruce, Brattleboro.

Massachusetts—E. Alexander, Boston; Mrs. G. J. Beckford, Lynn; Mrs. F. E. Bush, Boston; Chas. B. Bovier, Westfield; Flora H. Bovier, Westfield; Mrs. F. W. Barnes, North Andover; Mrs. John E. Church, W. Brookfield; Albert S. Ely, Pittsfield; Mrs. E. F. Hall, Attleboro; J. A. Jones, Holliston; Geo. H. Kanouse, Worcester; Theodore F. Kanouse, Worcester; Horace M. Kanouse, Worcester; Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Kimball, Lynn; Mrs. E. R. Locke, Worcester; E. R. Lombard, Boston; A. Mourad, Rosindale; Frank Perry, North Adams; Mrs. A. C. Peck, Clinton; Mariou Phillips, Newton; E. F. Rich, Boston; B. W. Rogers, Boston; Wm. Robertson, Newton Centre; Mrs. Marietta Traverser, Milford; Jas. H. Wilkins, Lowell; F. S. Whitmarsh, Springfield; Mrs. D. B. Wilson, Fall River; Otis A. Wace, Worcester; Rev. and Mrs. T. P. Fisher, Boston; Mrs. E. P. Bragdon, Lynn; Rev. C. Irving Mills, Boston; Miss Louise Hanson, Stoneham.

Rhode Island—J. E. Bliven, Westerly; Chas. Connack, Providence; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Davis, Providence; Mrs. Minnie Johnson, Providence; Otto W. Lindroth, Providence; G. Lambert Newhall, Providence.

Connecticut—E. T. Allma, New Haven; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Baker, Plainville; Miss Minnie B. W. Baker, Plainville; John W. Barrows, Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Barnes, Hartford; W. H. Couch, New Haven; J. E. Cutler, Putnam; Alice B. Cutler, Putnam; Geo. P. Fuller, Hartford; Luella L. Fuller, Hartford; C. M. Gaylord, Bridgeport; Mrs. C. M. Gardner, New Haven; A. J. Kunch, Bridgeport; Mrs. F. J. Lewis, New Haven; Mrs. W. H. Powers, Wallingford; Mrs. E. Atwood Rainous, Bridgeport; Mr. and Mrs. Warren J. Webster, New London.

If you are losing appetite, lying awake nights, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, it's just the tonic you need.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

Missions in Eastern Asia

Sunday, July 30

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, D. D.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

July 24. Why undertake missions? Matt. 28: 18-20.
July 25. Why mission study? Isa. 34: 16, 17.
July 26. Why we pray. 2 Thess. 3: 1-5.
July 27. Why we give. 1 Chron. 29: 9-13.
July 28. Why we send. Rom. 10: 10-15.
July 29. The missionary motive. 2 Cor. 5: 11-15.
July 30. Topic: Missions in Eastern Asia. Psa. 22: 27, 28; Jer. 16: 19.

The ends of the earth for Christ, is the tenor of our Scripture passages. Why this inspiring prophecy? Because the human heart everywhere has soil in which the Gospel seed readily grows. The Indian woman's exclamation when she first heard the Gospel was exceedingly significant: "That is what I have been expecting to hear all my life." The whole Gentile world seems as ready for the Gospel seed as was that eager woman.

"Handful of Corn"

1. In China a few gospel grains were sown, in 1847, by Rev. Messrs. Collins and White. Five flourishing Annual Conferences and Mission Conferences tell the cheering story of waving fields and golden harvests.

2. Japan holds the most wonderful people in the world today. Their unbroken series of brilliant victories against the Russian giant, both on land or sea, make them the marvel of the centuries. How grand that they are so kindly disposed toward pure Christianity! Some one has called the Japanese Christianized pagans. Admiral Togo and Field Marshal Oyama, as well as many more of their most prominent leaders, are professed Christians. An admiral and a chief justice have been vice-presidents of the Y. M. C. A. of Japan. Wounded Japanese soldiers heartily welcome the attention they receive from Christian people. Think of twenty-five Protestant bodies having missions in the Sunrise Kingdom! It is a very fruitful field.

3. Korea, so long called the Hermit Nation, is now open to the Gospel, and its people are waking up with vigor, more than ordinarily anxious to know our Christ. Under a Japanese protectorate this country of twelve millions population will forge forward with speed. It is one of our inviting fields.

"Top of the Mountain"

This is Eastern Asia. Toward that region turn the eyes of the world. Some dread the so-called "yellow peril." But when these millions are Christianized, Eastern civilization will unite with Western in banishing all great evils and in the establishment of Christ's kingdom in every clime. Epworthians are now called more loudly than ever to aid in scattering gospel corn upon every mountain where the good seed will grow.

1. We are summoned by the fact and blessings of our own personal salvation.

2. By the Supreme Commander's "Go!" which is as imperative to one disciple as to another.

3. By the crying need of the 400,000,000 people of Eastern Asia.

4. By the marvelous results already achieved.

5. By the stern law of personal growth. Withholding impoverishes; giving enriches and expands the life. Van Dyke shows in a little poem that we bind ourselves with chains when we refuse to follow Divine Love:

"Self is the one prison that can ever bind the soul,
Love is the only angel that can bid the gates unroll."

Norwich, Conn.

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THE CONFERENCES

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

Norwich District

Rockville.—Several important changes have taken place in this church during the administration of the present pastor, Rev. W. P. Buck, who has now entered upon the fourth year of his labors with this people. A Cradle Roll numbering 60 has been organized; and the Home Department of the Sunday-school has a membership of 55, with eight visitors. A Junior Epworth League has also been organized and successfully managed, the pastor's wife being the superintendent. For three successive years these Juniors have supported a half scholarship in China and given annually \$15 toward the support of the local church, and for the past two years they have sustained a day scholarship in Porto Rico. Much of their money is raised by the sale of old rubber, systematically gathered and sold at five cents per pound in lots of about two hundred pounds. In addition to this the Juniors give an annual entertainment. The last one was held in March, with tickets of admission at ten cents, and, with the sale of home-made candy and cake, netted them \$33. The Juniors appeared in costume, furnishing the program of dialect songs and recitations. The pastor meets them every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock for instructive and helpful religious services, with the result that 30 of them have been received on probation in the church and 19 into full membership. During these three years the Ladies' Aid Society, numbering 60, has raised and disbursed \$1,414. Last year the W. H. M. S. doubled its membership and the amount of money raised, and the W. F. M. S. doubled the amount of money raised. The church during this pastorate is keeping pace with its good record, increasing its membership yearly in spite of numerous losses by death and removals. The great need of the church and of the town is felt to be a deep spiritual work—a great awakening of the parents to their responsibility for the religious welfare of their own children, and the conversion of men and women from their lives of selfishness and godlessness. For this the pastor labors, hopes and prays.

Pascoag.—On April 30, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and the Daughters of Rebekah attended the services of this church in a body and listened with interest to the sermon especially prepared by the pastor in their behalf. On Memorial Sunday the veterans of the G. A. R. and the Sons of Veterans were present, and were profited by the patriotic sermon delivered by the pastor. In the afternoon of the same day he conducted in the church a funeral service of a gentleman who was both a veteran and an Odd Fellow, and both organizations attended the service. On Children's Day, 2 were baptized, and in the evening the Sunday-school, assisted by the choir, gave a very interesting concert. The pastors of the place have arranged a series of open-air services on Sunday afternoons through July and August. The opening sermon was given by the pastor of this church, Rev. Walter Kila, July 2. The weather being too damp to hold the services out of doors, a good congregation gathered in the vestry of the Free Baptist Church, on whose lawn the service was to have been held.

Thompsonville.—At the morning service, July 2, 3 children were baptized and 2 persons were received into the church from probation. In the evening the pastor, Dr. James Coote, gave his people a patriotic sermon from the text: "Happy art thou, O Israel! Who is like unto thee, O people saved of the Lord?" It was a very interesting discourse and a most fitting recognition of the birthday of the Republic.

X. Y. Z.

Church Organs

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MAINE CONFERENCE

Augusta District

Wilton and North Jay.—Rev. H. S. Ryder and family came here soon after Conference, having been appointed by Bishop Fowler. That he is the right man for the place, is gladly acknowledged by the people. He finds his time fully taken up by his work. Mr. Ryder is a great pastor, a good preacher, in fact, an all-round man, and the people appreciate him in every department of the church. Already he has made nearly 300 pastoral visits, baptized 18 at Wilton and 10 at North Jay, received several into the church and a number on probation. He preached the sermon before the G. A. R., also to the Odd Fellows. We recently spent a Sunday on this charge, to our delight and comfort. At the quarterly conference, which was largely attended, \$70 was added to the salary of last year, which makes the cash salary for the charge \$320, and brings it well up to a city appointment. The quarterly conference voted unanimously to entertain the next district conference, the date to be given later. Mr. Ryder has completed his college studies and graduated at Colby College, July 27, taking the A. B. degree.

Madison.—Here we found the pastor, Rev. H. L. Nichols, enjoying the confidence of a large congregation, surrounded by loving friends and a spiritual church. It was Sunday, July 9—the hottest day of the season up to that time—that we were with this church, and 106 persons came to the communion after the morning service. It was a beautiful sight when ten or twelve young ladies of the choir came down from their seats and partook of the bread and wine in token of their love for the Master. Would to God that more of the young people had such a love for their Lord as to show it by their presence in the prayer-meeting, class-meeting, and communion service! A large number of young men and women belong to this church, and their lives of piety and true devotion are a mighty influence for good. The pastor has baptized since Conference a goodly number, and received several on probation and in full. At the quarterly conference \$100 was added to the salary, and the bills of the church are well paid up to date. This is another of our progressive churches, which is fast forging to the front. Here, as elsewhere, is a community where pastoral work counts for much, and the pastor finds a warm welcome in the homes. All things are moving pleasantly, and no more loyal people are to be found.

Skowhegan.—Coming to this charge on Sunday evening, July 9, we found Rev. Fred Leitch, Ph. D., and family much in evidence with this people. They are sure they have just the right man, and are showing their appreciation of what Conference did for them in many ways. A splendid congregation was out morning and evening, the social meeting being one of the best we have attended in a long time. It was quite well understood by the official board, at the close of the Conference year, that a cut in the incoming pastor's salary would be made; but, on the contrary, the estimating committee, without leaving their seats for private conference, recommended that the salary be as last year—\$1,000 cash; and to the credit of the church the quarterly conference voted unanimously to sustain the report of the committee. Congregations and spiritual interest are on the increase, and from the present outlook we are able to predict a prosperous year for this pastor and people.

Fairfield.—It was our pleasure to again meet the pastor, Rev. J. H. Roberts, and family in the parsonage at Fairfield, and in the evening of July 16 to greet a goodly number in the church for service—a most refreshing season. The pastor reported many good things, some of which were as follows: 45 received on probation, 3 from probation, and 2 by letter; Epworth League doubled in number, lacking only one; Sunday-school average, 122; enrolled in all departments, 255; primary department graded—three new classes. At the Centre the Sunday-school is graded, and an increase in attendance is noticeable. Last year the pastor made over 1,400 pastoral calls, and thus far this year he has made nearly or quite 250 visits. Mr. Roberts believes in the old way of dispensing the Gospel—from-house-to-house work. Oh, that every pastor would have it on his heart to do likewise! How much the people enjoy the visits of a pastor! The pastor who neglects this part of

his work makes a sad mistake, and the church suffers loss. Our prayer is that every minister will prove himself a great pastor, whether he can be a great preacher or not. Take care of the pulpit, but take special care of the flock of Jesus Christ!

District Conference will be at Wilton. Date later. We are thinking of holding it earlier in the year than heretofore. What say you, brethren? Please write me when you think it the best time to have it.

C. A. S.

Lewiston District

West Paris.—This appointment covers a large territory, and so demands hard work from the pastor. Rev. D. F. Nelson, who is held in high esteem on all parts of the charge, is not afraid of the hard work, and many of his people fear he is doing too much of it. Bishop Fowler's statement about laziness as the chief temptation of a minister has no meaning to the pastor here. It was one of the hottest days of the summer when the presiding elder visited some parts of this charge with the pastor, and was told by him of the natural curiosity, the "ice cave," a few miles out from the village, up on the mountain-side, where ice is to be found and forms at all seasons of the year, even on the hottest of days.

Conway.—Here is another charge where the minister finds plenty to do. Once a fortnight he drives fourteen miles, preaches four times, and has two Sunday-schools. On his easy Sunday he preaches three times and has two Sunday-schools, riding eight miles. But Rev. J. H. Irvine is not dismayed by the work, and takes hold of it with good courage. The pastor lives at Conway Center and South Conway. All these places, surrounded as they are by the mountains, are beautiful for situation. The church edifice at Conway, long occupied as a union church by the Congregationalists and Metho-

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Miss Chamberlayne's Home and Day School for Girls will begin its fourteenth year, October 4, 1905, at The Fenway 28, Boston.

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For fuller information send for illustrated pamphlet.

THE FENWAY, NUMBER 28
Boston, Massachusetts

dists, is now owned by our people, the Congregationalists having sold out their interest to us. The new Congregational church is to be built on the same street, a little below ours, on the opposite side.

North Conway.—This is a part of the same town as the last named charge. It is well known as a great summer resort, and after once visiting it, one is not surprised that many are attracted here. Our church is in charge of Rev. C. L. Banghart, and under his ministry it is taking on new strength. The pastor's wife has charge of a fine chorus choir. Mr. Banghart and wife have been secured to conduct the singing at the Poland camp-meeting this year. The Memorial sermon before the G. A. R. of North Conway, and the baccalaureate before the high school graduates, were both given by Mr. Banghart this year.

Intervale.—Rev. G. C. Andrews is serving his third year here. He is highly appreciated by the people, and highly appreciates them. This, too, is a famous summer resort, and many noted people have from time to time spoken in our church here. Mrs. F. W. Dinamore, a daughter of Rev. H. Hewitt, is the church organist and an earnest worker in every department of the church, and she is highly prized by pastor and people. The presiding elder, when a boy in Biddeford, knew Mr. Andrews when he left a good salary and entered the ministry at a small salary in answer to the call of God. There are some things worth more than money, and he is wise who chooses them.

Bridgton.—Improvements are in order at Bridgton. A fine hard-wood floor has been placed in the parsonage, and a silcock has been put in so that the lawn and street may be frequently watered. Over \$100 have been pledged for the painting of the church, and a new set of steps and railing will be put in. Fifty dollars have been raised toward a piano fund. The pastor, Rev. William Wood, has been in demand for special sermons, having preached before the G. A. R. Post of Bridgton, delivered the Memorial address for the J. L. Parker Post of Lovell, preached to the graduating class of the Bridgton high school, and to the Knights of Pythias. The church feels keenly the loss that has come to it by the death of Daniel P. Larrabee and his estimable wife, both of whom were honored by all who knew them. One child was baptized on Children's Day, another on July 2, and others soon will be. July 2, 6 persons were taken into the church by letter. The Sunday excursion has at last invaded Bridgton.

North Paris.—This is one of the most delightful of the many very pleasant villages in Maine, and our church is one of the pleasantest to serve that can be found anywhere—so declares the pastor, Rev. H. A. Clifford. The pastor and his wife, soon after Conference, gave a reception to the members of the official board at the parsonage, and it proved a most enjoyable occasion. During the evening the board surprised the pastor by presenting him with a fine dress-suit case. A new bell now calls the people to church. The cost was \$375, and the bills are all paid. The Sunday evening services are increasing in interest. One young lady has recently sought Christ. Cottage prayer-meetings have been held in different parts of the village. The Epworth League here works and is a great help to the pastor. There is an excellent attendance at the Sunday-school, and \$40 worth of books have lately been added to the library. The Ladies' Aid Society appoints two members each month to call on strangers, also sends flowers to the sick and other shut-ins. Mr. Clifford has called on all the families in his parish since Conference, and Mrs. Clifford has made more than seventy calls. Both pastor and wife have a strong hold on the people.

Norway.—This charge also has a Ladies' Aid and an Epworth League that believe in work. The Ladies' Aid pays the church organist and takes care of parsonage repairs. New carpets have been placed in the parlor and sitting-room of the parsonage, and in the vestry. Extensive repairs have been made on the vestry, and among other decorations on the walls the pastor's portrait has been hung. The Epworth League paid more than \$100 toward the church expenses last year. Eighteen new members have been added to the League since Conference. The Juniors also are at work. One day they marched into the parsonage and presented the pastor with a fine chair which they had selected themselves. Rev. C. A. Brooks, the

pastor, goes to North Norway once in two weeks. Both here and at Norway some have started in the Christian life since Conference. Rev. J. E. Budden, one of our veterans who lives at Norway, is in a very weak condition, but his faith is strong, and he looks forward to the time when he will enter the life that knows no illness. The pastor's son, C. Elwood Brooks, is now a senior in Bates College. While at home this summer he will supply at South Waterford and Sweden for awhile.

Buckfield.—New courage was taken on by this church when Rev. A. W. Pottle became pastor. It was decided to go forward with repairs. The cost of the new foundation will be over \$500, and then other repairs will be made. A social and reception were held at the parsonage, June 28.

C. F. P.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

Rockland District

Nequasset.—This is on the Woolwich charge. We are here waiting for the afternoon boat to Southport. The summer has come, down in Maine. There is no doubt about it. The thermometer tells the story at 85 to 90 (plus) degrees. Coatless men and hatless women proclaim the fact. Perspiring horses and lolling cattle declare the same truth; and here under a sheltering pine on the banks of the Nequasset stream the mosquitoes vigorously sing the song. Neither is the singing the only token of their vigor. But this is the coolest spot we have found, so we endure the singing and the other tokens as much as may be, and wage war, and write. Summer is here, without doubt. Even the worried, impatient, half-disheartened farmers have ceased their "weepin' an' wallin'" because of "cold, backward weather," and in the sweat of their brows are calling for cooling drinks.

But we must say a word about Woolwich and Rev. S. A. Prince, as we are here. There is the best understanding between pastor and

people, and a mutual kindly regard. A new chamber set and carpet have just been placed in the parsonage. This people seem to delight in doing all they can for the comfort of their pastor and his family, and he finds his abundant work a pleasure.

East Pittston Circuit.—Rev. L. L. Harris' sixth year has opened very propitiously. A gracious revival spirit has extended to North Whitefield. A repairing and renovation of the church at that point is on hand. "We are moving on hallelujah lines," is a sentence taken bodily from a cheerful report. The Sunday-schools are growing. All things seem moving onward and upward. Eleven new subscribers have been obtained for Zion's Herald. Rev. F. H. Morgan's visit was highly appreciated. We hope he will touch and leave his enthusiastic impress on every charge in the district. The Ladies' Aid is alive and a great help in church matters.

Dresden and South Dresden.—Rev. W. A. Hanscom begins his second pastorate with characteristic energy. Hay is not made under foot where this pastor labors. The attendance at services and the services themselves are increasing in size and interest. The Sunday-schools are growing. Calling upon the sick and shut-ins is made a specialty. The new pastor is esteemed with enthusiastic regard by all.

East Boothbay.—Rev. A. J. Lockhart begins a new pastorate after six years of faithful, telling labor at Pemaquid. He and his family were given a most kindly and appreciative reception. There has been an increase in congregations. The pastor remarked with significance: "I am glad to find the Sunday-school superintended, and the Epworth League officered." He assures us he finds here the best class-meeting he has known. The vestry has been renewed and beautified at a cost of \$100. Harmony and the four octogenarians still abide.

Boothbay Harbor.—The third year for Rev. J. H. Gray opens well. A fine reception was



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- \$5650** To Portland and Puget Sound Points and return. On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.
- \$6500** To Yellowstone Park and return, including stage transportation (\$85.00 also includes hotel accommodations in the park). Daily until September 16.
- \$3000** To Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, Colo., and return. On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.
- \$2500** To Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, Colo., and return. Daily August 12 to 14, inclusive.
- \$2000** To Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, Colo., and return. Daily August 30 to September 4, inclusive.
- \$2750** To Hot Springs, S. D., and return. \$30.70 Deadwood and Lead and return. On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.
- \$2000** To Duluth, Superior and Ashland and return. On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.
- \$1725** To Marquette, Mich., and return. On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.
- \$1600** To St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., and return. On sale daily until September 30, inclusive.

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NW579

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accorded the pastor and his wife. This is one of the things the wise church will ever do. The Epworth League continues to prosper. The Junior League is alive. Bible study has been introduced among the Juniors with interest and profit. Both Leagues are of value to the material interests of the church as well as the formally religious. The Ladies' Aid is an efficient help; \$100 have been raised and expended by the ladies in behalf of the church. In the Sunday-school \$88 have been expended for library books.

Randolph and Chelsea.—The work of the charge has been attended to with faithful earnestness, though the pastor, Rev. C. W. Lowell, has suffered severely with an affection of the throat since Conference. Sickness among the people has affected somewhat the attendance and life of church services. The loss of Mrs. D. M. Hilton by death is sorely felt by the society and community. There are many tokens of encouragement. The parsonage lot has been greatly enlarged and increased in value by a fortunate expenditure of \$85. W. H. Baker, a live Sunday-school superintendent who is not satisfied with standstill conditions, gives an interesting Sunday-school report, indicating much to encourage, while he finds much to grieve over because of the seeming indifference to Sunday-school obligations of the membership at large of the church. No school can produce superior Sunday-school concerts and Children's Day entertainments. Some have been added to the church since Conference. ZION'S HERALD has received a good enlargement to the subscription list. T. F. J.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

Canaan Street and Canaan.—No prettier spot can be found in New England than Canaan Street. A peaceful little lake sleeps quietly back of the village—a gem of the first water. Here are rest and health for tired brains and weary bodies. The Great Artist has put His finishing touch upon the landscape, giving a picture of rare beauty. The pastor of our church finds here a delightful home and an opportunity to touch life that will tell in days to come far beyond the limits of his immediate field of labor. Rev. W. A. Mayo is no stranger to New Hampshire, and is heartily welcomed back to the scenes and friends of his early ministry. The work at the Street and at the Depot has an encouraging outlook.

Milford.—Rev. Dr. D. C. Babcock and wife are pleasantly settled in their new home in Milford. The wedding in the church at Claremont was a great social event for the town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. C. Garland. Dr. and Mrs. Babcock received many hearty greetings as they passed through Manchester, while at Milford a formal reception was given them by their parishioners and the citizens of the town.

Personal.—Rev. Irad Taggart is supplying the church at Exeter for July. Mr. Taggart loves to preach, and the people love to hear him.

Dr. and Mrs. O. S. Baketel were at the First Church, Manchester, July 2. The Doctor gave an interesting address on Sunday-school work, and received a good collection for that interest.

Rev. H. D. Deetz and wife passed through Manchester, July 3, en route for Denver. Rev. C. C. Garland, of Claremont, and Ernest C. Brett were to join the party at Concord.

Presiding Elder Hitecock is taking a few days of a well-earned rest at his farm at Grafton, having closed the work of the first quarter at West Canaan, July 9.

With great sorrow we learn of the serious

illness of Bishop Joyce. May his recovery be speedy and complete!

Dr. Louis Albert Banks is at his summer home near Canaan.

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson is passing the summer on his farm in Swansey.

Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Markey were recently called to Moultonville, on account of the death of Mrs. G. R. Loring, the mother of Mrs. Markey. She was a devoted wife and mother, an earnest Christian.

The death of Rev. Charles U. Dunning brings sorrow to a large circle of friends in New Hampshire and New England. Mr. Dunning suffered no decay in mind and heart. No one looked upon him as an old man. A remarkable life, useful, sweet, ripe, translated. Earth's loss is heaven's gain. The writer, a boy of twelve, saw him ordained deacon by Bishop Baker at Littleton in 1888, yet Mr. Dunning seemed more like an elder brother than a father in the Gospel. We shall sadly miss him. Mrs. Dunning and family have the sympathy of the church.

EMERSON.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Boston, Tremont St.—Rev. E. A. Blake, D. D., will occupy his pulpit during the summer, and announces an attractive list of topics for Sunday morning sermons. The evening service is conducted alternately by the pastor and a leader selected by the Epworth League. On Friday evening Dr. Blake will give an exposition of the Sunday-school lesson for the following Sabbath.

Hyde Park.—At the last communion, July 2, the pastor, Rev. Alfred C. Skinner, received 2 on probation, 3 from probation, and 2 by letter. A contract was recently let to install an up-to-date steam-heating plant, to be ready for use in the autumn, which will cost in the vicinity of \$2,000. Sundry improvements have recently been made on the exterior of the church property. The pastor is now with his family at their summer home, Land's End, Mass.

Cambridge District

Cambridge, Trinity.—This mother of churches has a valuable property, including a large brick parsonage and a double tenement-house and store. Out of the strength of this old church several ministers have gone into the Conference and laymen into other churches in Cambridge and Somerville. A good working force still remains, and the changing personnel of the community gives ample opportunity for work. New courage is taken on. The new pastor, Rev. F. M. Pickles, does not recognize any discouragements, and the people are catching his spirit. The societies have reorganized and are at work. The first visit of the new presiding elder, Dr. Charles F. Rice, was an inspiration. The parsonage has been thoroughly renovated at an expense of more than \$100, paid. Recently 5 were added to the membership. During July and August union Sunday services are held with the Second Baptist Church. The Fourth was celebrated by a special service. A fine musical program was rendered, and the pastor delivered an address on the "Growth of Our Nation." Mayor Daly and Commander G. H. Atwood of the U. S. A. made strong, vigorous addresses. The Portuguese work, in which Pastor Pickles takes an active interest, is very promising. Jose F. Bellesa is the leader. Dr. J. H. Mansfield recently visited this mission and administered the holy communion, and Rev. George B. Nind, a missionary to the Portuguese in the Azores, also recently preached here. The Swedish people hold Sunday-school in the vestry. Altogether, the old substantial brick church on the corner of Cambridge and Third Streets has a mission. This is the field for Cambridge Methodism to cultivate as a city mission.

Fitchburg, First Church.—A very pretty wedding took place in this church, June 28. The bride was Miss Esther Sophronia Putnam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Putnam, one of the first families in the church and city. The groom was Mr. Charles Wilbur Goodrich, of Somerville, a graduate of Harvard (1900) and science instructor in the high school in Waltham, where they will reside after an extended trip in Canada and the Provinces. Rev. C. E. Spaulding, the pastor, performed the ceremony. The church was beautifully decorated by the Queen Esther Circle of which the bride is a

member. The gifts were numerous and beautiful. Mr. Spaulding was sent to the Toronto Convention to see Bishop Vincent and arrange for the Bishop's leadership in a union evangelistic campaign. This was successful, and the date was fixed for Nov. 5-12. Mr. Spaulding is attending the Harvard Summer School of Theology.

Lynn District

Haverhill, People's Church.—An appreciative and sympathetic people makes this one of the most delightful charges in the Conference

Odd Pitchers

Our exhibit of Pitchers on the second floor embraces more than five hundred kinds, representing specimens gleaned from Potteries in Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, China, Japan, and the United States, from the small, for table use, to the larger sideboard lines, which may prove interesting to collectors.

Some have mottoes in the decorations, described, viz.:

In the Doulton Class:

"Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
Can wound or heal a heart that's broken."
\$2.50 each.

Wedgwood Old Blue Pitchers with historical views—Old South Church, Old State House, Mt. Vernon, Faneuil Hall, etc. Old Dutch ship shape, two-quart size, \$1.65; one quart, \$1.00.

English Allervale Pottery

"If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

Another,

"Life has many shadows, but 'tis the sunshine makes them."

\$1.00 to \$1.50 each.

German Wurtemberg Motto Pitchers

"The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out."

\$1.00 each.

Another,

"If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that no one will believe him."

\$1.00 each.

Doulton Motto Pitchers

"There's a saying, old and musty,
Yet it is ever new;
'Tis, never trouble trouble
'Till trouble troubles you."

\$5.00.

Costly Sideboard Pitchers without motto:

Doulton Lambeth (\$15 each).

Artistic shape and decoration.

Royal Worcester (\$10 each).

Royal Worcester, ivory and gold (\$40 each).

Tall vase shape.

And many other models and decorations from the lowest cost up to the expensive; over 500 kinds to choose from.

In the Glass Department will be seen all grades and sizes of pitchers from the ordinary pressed shapes up to the blown and etched and the richly cut lines.

The Art Pottery Rooms, the Dinner Set Hall (3d floor), and the Stock Pattern Room (4th floor) have attractive exhibits constantly being added to.

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to serve. Rev. Jerome Wood and family were given a cordial reception. Sunday, June 25, was a blessed day to pastor and people, 11 persons being baptized by immersion. The following Sunday, July 2, the pastor baptized 8 other candidates, received 1 on probation, 1 by letter, and 8 into full membership from probation. It is most gratifying that, in the change of pastors, the congregations at all the services are holding their own. The official board recently voted the pastor a month's vacation.

G. F. D.

Memorial Window at Bethlehem, N. H.

A superb stained-glass memorial window of rare merit and exceptional beauty will soon adorn the Methodist Episcopal Church edifice at Bethlehem, N. H. This splendid window is from the well-known studios of Redding, Baird & Co., of Boston, and represents one of this firm's most notable productions, ranking as one of the first examples of ecclesiastical window construction in New England. It is erected in loving memory of Frederic Lancaster White, by his wife. The motif chosen is that of the "Recording Angel"—a subject most pleasing and appropriate. For an outer framing of the window a narrow border shows a pleasing architectural feeling, with flower-formed capitals and base enrichments in rich old Gothic style, possessing all the grace and freedom of movement of the art nouveau. An arched effect is introduced at the top of window, the border lines curved inward in Gothic style forming corner panels, these latter showing beautiful Gothic paneling. Glasses of superb gray, green and gold, beautifully veined, enter into the execution of this feature, each individual piece of glass showing the care and skill used in its selection and placing, in the secondary as well as more prominent and accented portions.

The entire field of the window is given up to the figure delineation, the execution of this feature being a masterly example of coloring. The robes and folded draperies are in beautiful ruby glasses, the varying effects of light and shade characteristic of folded draperies being admirably portrayed—deep, rich tones for the darker portions, skillfully blending with soft

gradations into the lighter accented portions. Flesh tints show a truthfulness beyond criticism, a noticeable feature here being the splendid contour and youthfulness of the features. The figure stands upon a pedestal of rich design and coloring, while the background is shaded from a beautiful cool gray tone at the base into a splendid azure at the top of panel, the blending of shades being skillfully executed. Below the pedestal is the tablet, bearing the inscription: "In memory of Frederic Lancaster White," and the quotation: "Write me as one who loved his fellowmen." The base section below tablet is paneled in Gothic form, beautifully marbled gold and green, with a rich old gold serving as the coloring here.

As the eye rests upon this beautiful window, a splendid harmony of color tones is seen, and the many richly toned glasses glow with a subdued light, while the matchless figure of the angel, standing upon the pedestal, holding in outstretched hand the scroll, seems imbued with life, so faithfully has every detail of line and coloring been executed. Selected, costly glasses of richest color tone and texture have been utilized in the construction, thereby ensuring the superb results present in the completed window. The makers, Redding, Baird & Co., have spared no effort to produce, in this masterly interpretation of the Recording Angel, a memorial thoroughly up to the high standard of excellence ever noticeable in their productions; and the splendid window which is to beautify the Methodist Episcopal Church at Bethlehem reflects the highest credit upon the studios of the above firm as well as meriting and receiving the highest praise and commendation of the art critics of the country. The church will be greatly enriched by the installation of this splendid window—a strikingly beautiful and fitting tribute to the one in whose memory it is erected.

CHURCH REGISTER

HERALD CALENDAR

Christian Workers' League, 17th annual camp-meeting at Old Orchard,	July 21-31
Richmond, Me., Camp meeting,	Aug. 4-14
Christian Missionary Alliance, Old Orchard,	Aug. 4-15
Yarmouth Camp meeting,	Aug. 7-14
Hedding Chautauqua,	Aug. 12-19
St. Albans Dist. Bible School at Sheldon camp-ground,	Aug. 14
Weirs Camp meeting,	Aug. 14-19
Claremont Junction Camp-meeting,	Aug. 14-27
Musical Festival, Prof. Chapman, Old Orchard,	Aug. 15, 16
Lyndonville Camp meeting,	Aug. 17-28
Ithiel Falls Camp-meeting, Johnson, Vt.,	Aug. 18-28
East Livermore Camp meeting,	Aug. 18-28
National Holiness Camp meeting, Old Orchard,	Aug. 18-29
Martha's Vineyard Camp meeting,	Aug. 20-27
St. Albans Dist. Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21
Norwich Dist. Epworth League annual convention at Willimantic Camp-ground,	Aug. 21
Sterling Camp meeting,	Aug. 21-25
North Andover Camp meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-28
Hedding Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-26
Foxcroft Camp-meeting,	Aug. 21-26
Strong Camp meeting,	Aug. 22-28
Empire Grove Camp-meeting,	Aug. 24-Sept. 4
Laurel Park Grove-meeting,	Aug. 27-Sept. 4
Asbury Grove Camp meeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 4
Groveton Camp meeting,	Aug. 29-Sept. 4
Wilnot Camp-meeting,	Sept. 4-8

POST OFFICE ADDRESSES

Rev. William Bragg, 93 Franklin St., Portland, Me.
 R. S. Douglass, Plymouth, Mass. (until Sept. 5).
 Rev. Joseph Cooper, 40 Chestnut St., New Bedford, Mass.

A Delicious Drink

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

A teaspoonful added to a glass of cold water invigorates, strengthens and refreshes.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—The corresponding secretary of the New England Deaconess Association, Mr. T. A. Hildreth, has requested Mr. R. S. Douglass, of Auburndale, temporarily to make arrangements in the New Hampshire, Vermont, East Maine, and New England Conferences for deaconess and other speakers to present deaconess work in the churches. Mr. Douglass' address until Sept. 5 is Plymouth, Mass.

Cramps, Colic, Dysentery, All Cured by Painkiller (PERRY DAVIS')

CORRECTION.—By an error Hallowell was not credited in the Maine Conference Minutes with the \$18 contributed for Church Extension.

WILBUR F. BERRY, Sec.

Marriages

COBURN—ANDREWS—In Saco, Me., July 8, by Rev. D. F. Faulkner, Charles F. Coburn and Emma B. Andrews, both of Saco.

DOW—HENRY—At the Weirs M. E. parsonage, July 15, by Rev. G. W. Jones, George Alvie Dow, of the Weirs, and May Dryer Henry, of Rochester, N.Y.

NOTICE.—The regular quarterly meeting of the board of managers of the Boston City Missionary and Church Extension Society will be held in Room 4, 36 Bromfield St., on Monday, July 24, at 2 p. m. R. T. FLEWELLING.

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REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D., President.

The Gordon Bible and Missionary Training School, Boston, Mass., opens its 17th year of successful operation on Oct. 10. It has sent out more than one thousand workers into home and foreign fields. It welcomes earnest persons of either sex, of all Christian denominations, whether or not called to the ministry. Free instruction is given in a two years' course, emphasizing especially the study and practical use of the English Bible. Aid and counsel will be given in securing moderate expenses and means of self-support. For catalogue or information address REV. JESSE B. THOMAS, D. D., Principal, Newton Centre, Mass., or REV. J. A. McELWAIN, Business Manager, Clarendon St. Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.



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I want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Rheumatism to try my "Home Cure." No matter how long and terribly you have suffered, no matter how many doctors and other remedies have failed, I can cure you. I am so positive of this, and have such faith in my "Home Cure," that I will send a trial treatment by mail absolutely free to any reader of ZION'S HERALD who needs it and writes for it. Write today. Address your letter to Mark H. Jackson, Syracuse, N. Y.

Read this letter from one who knows what it is to suffer with this painful malady:

NAPONEE, NEB.

MR. MARK H. JACKSON, Syracuse, N. Y.

DEAR SIR.—My son who had been subjected with rheumatism for over nine years and had been bedfast for eight weeks, and we had tried all kinds of remedies from which we had been able to relieve him at times, but none of them did him any good. We were almost in despair when I chanced to see your ad. in one of my papers, and sent for a trial treatment. He seemed benefited from the first dose, so I ordered a full fifty days' treatment and gave it, and he is entirely cured. He is doing his usual spring work; is 19 years of age and a farmer. We shall always prize the "Home Rheumatism Cure," and very highly recommend it for all forms of rheumatism. This was a case of muscular and inflammatory rheumatism affecting the whole body, the limbs being drawn all out of shape, and the internal organs affected so we were afraid it would kill him or leave him a cripple for life. It seems like a miracle to us that he has entirely recovered.

Very respectfully,

W. D. EGGLESTON.

OBITUARIES

No downward path to death we go,
Nor through dark shades, or valleys low,
But up and on o'er rises bright
Toward the dawn of endless light.

Not in the lowlands can we see
The path that was and is to be;
But on the height, just where the soul
Takes deeper breath to reach the goal,

There we can see the winding ways
That we have journeyed all our days;
Then turn and view with spirit still
The gates afar beyond the hill.

— LOUISA LAWSON, in *The Dawn*.

Woodbury. — George Woodbury entered into rest from Salem, N. H., May 31, 1905, after an earthly life of 86 years and 4 months.

He was born in Salem, and with the exception of a few months in early manhood he has always resided in the town of his birth. Through both of his parents he was descended from early settlers, whose families have been recognized for unusual vitality, energy, talent, and business capacity. His grandfather, Capt. Israel Woodbury, served in the war of the Revolution under General Washington, and was captured by Indians and carried into Canada, where he remained some years before he effected his escape.

Mr. Woodbury was married in 1841 to Mary K. Emerson, whose presence in his home he was permitted to enjoy for fifty-six years. She preceded him to the life hereafter more than seven years ago. Of his father's family of four children his brother Isaac remains, who at an advanced age is still an active member of the Pleasant Street Church. His oldest brother, Charles, was for many years a business man in Boston and a member of the Boston Wesleyan Association.

Mr. Woodbury was converted and joined the church nearly sixty-eight years ago, under the ministry of Rev. Jacob Stevens. He was never a demonstrative believer, but his staid ancestral qualities united with Methodist fire made an excellent combination. He was always in his place at church, an intelligent and attentive hearer. He was constant in attendance at the social meetings as long as his age and strength would allow. He was devoted to the interests of the church, both local and general. He read *ZION'S HERALD* in his father's home, in boyhood, and in his own home for many years. When the Pleasant St. Church was formed at Salem Depot, he was one of the organizers, and was an official member until his death. He assisted largely in the erection of the house of worship, and was generous in its support to the last. For many years he conducted the singing. He loosened his hold on the affairs of the church slowly and reluctantly as advancing years compelled, but he never lost his interest. He was a man of strong will, tenacity of purpose, positive convictions, thoroughly conscientious, and adhered firmly to what he believed to be right. He kept the only public house in the Depot village; but no intoxicant of any kind was ever furnished, and no guest or employee was ever permitted to perfume the premises with the vile odor of tobacco. He was given to hospitality. He was the first to greet the new pastor, and he welcomed him to his home until the parsonage was ready for occupancy. The presiding elder and other official visitors always found an open door and a free hand at the "Woodbury House."

His last sickness was simply the infirmities due to his great age. He kept his bed only four weeks. He cared not to converse of business or

of matters pertaining to this life, but said: "My interest is now all on the other side." He repeatedly expressed to his pastor his firm hope and full assurance. He slowly faded away until he calmly fell asleep.

He was buried from the church in which he had for so long worshiped, and for whose interests he had so faithfully toiled. The services were largely attended by relatives and citizens, and were conducted by the writer and Rev. F. T. Kelley, the pastor of the church.

S. E. QUIMBY.

King. — Death has again claimed one of earth's choicest when Erasmus D. King, aged 78 years, a trustee of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Springfield, Mass., was suddenly called home, June 11, 1905, after an illness of but three days. A stroke of paralysis felled him suddenly, and ere his friends had recovered their surprise, he was gone.

For thirty-five years he has been a model member of Trinity, and for twenty years an official member. During the war he served in the 46th Mass. regiment. He is the fifth official member to be summoned home since my pastorate here began three years ago.

Genial always, with a bright smile and kind word for everybody, interested in church and G. A. R. post and all things good, present always at divine services, fraternal by nature, a man in whom there was no guile, he will be greatly missed. If he was not well, he was not ill up to the last, his one regret being that he had to give up active work some two years ago, his one hope that he might take it up again.

Fitting services were held at his home, attended by members of the E. K. Wilcox Post of the G. A. R., the Knights of Malta, of which he was a member, and numerous friends. Taps were sounded at the grave, when all that was mortal was laid to rest.

He is survived by his wife and a nephew, Mr. William P. Case, of Springfield. We are thinking what a meeting it will be in the "sweet by and by" over there!

EUGENE M. ANTRIM.

Foss. — Mrs. Eliza M. Foss was born in Hardwick, Vt., May 12, 1835, and died in the same town, June 24, 1905.

Her early life was spent on the old Woodbury farm, about three miles north of the village, where lived her parents and grandparents before her. On Sept. 24, 1855, Eliza M. Woodbury married Loren C. Foss, and began the life of holy, happy wedlock on a neighboring farm. Four years after the consummation of this union the home was blessed by the advent of a son — the only child given them during the many years of their wedded life. The son, Mr. Foss, is today one of our solid and respected citizens. Eighteen years ago Mr. and Mrs. Foss gave up their farm life and moved into the village, having, through hard work and economy, acquired sufficient to keep them comfortably to the end of life. Nine years ago Mr. Foss died, and his widow for many years lived alone in her village home. About two years ago, her son, his wife and daughter, moved from the old farm into the village to live with and care for her.

Mrs. Foss was converted early in life and lived a consistent Christian life for many years before she joined the church. But on May 24, 1868, during the pastorate of Rev. Daniel Lewis — a man of blessed memory — she was admitted to full connection in the Bethany Methodist Episcopal Church of Hardwick. She was a woman of quiet demeanor and unassuming ways. Her character, though gentle, was strong. She knew not only whom she believed, but what she believed. Contact with her impressed you so that you immediately recognized that you were in the presence of a Christian. Her character was visible in her face, and her face was a benediction to her ministers. She was a Methodist of the Methodists, a lover of our polity and doctrine, stood by her pastors, and contributed generously to local expenses and general benevolences. She had no use for crank, tramp or fad literature, but loved her own church papers, and every week, so long as she was able to read, every bit of her beloved *ZION'S HERALD* was perused with avidity. May the Lord increase her kind! Her place in church and Sunday-school was never empty so long as her strength enabled her to fill it; and after her strength failed, her loved ones could scarcely dissuade her from attempt-

ing to reach the church where she loved to worship God.

Mrs. Foss, during the last few weeks of her stay with us, was a great sufferer; but the promise of God, "As thy days so shall thy strength be," was verified to her. If it be true that, according to the measure of the likeness of Jesus in us, so is our reward, great is the reward of the departed one.

She leaves behind a brother, who is in poor health and is slowly passing away, but he, too, is finding to his soul's satisfaction that where Jesus is no darkness comes; a younger sister, Mrs. H. J. Hathaway, and daughter; and Mr. Foss, her son, his wife and daughter, who are left to miss the dear one who was so much in their lives, but their grief is somewhat assuaged by the knowledge that "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

The funeral service was held in the church, Monday, June 26, and was conducted by a former and dearly beloved pastor, Rev. W. S. Smithers, assisted by Rev. G. L. Wells, a superannuate preacher and friend of the family, also by the writer, the present pastor. The day was very wet, but a goodly number were present to show their regard for one who succeeded in making people love her. Her body was laid to rest in our village cemetery by the side of her husband.

J. A. DIXON.

Steadman. — Ephraim M. Steadman was born in Foxcroft, Me., Oct. 1, 1825, and died in Portland, Me., May 14, 1905.

Mr. Steadman began his business career as a merchant in North Livermore, Me., in 1855. From 1860 to 1874 he was in trade in Lewiston, when he removed to Portland and became the head of the well-known wholesale firm of Steadman, Hawkes & Co., one of the largest and most successful commercial houses in the State. He remained in active business until near his decease. His only son, James M. Steadman, has been of recent years the more prominent in conducting the business of the firm, and will now be advanced to fill his father's place.

Mr. Steadman was one of the founders of the Chapman National Bank of Portland, and was loyally devoted to its interests. He continued a director in it until his death. He was a faithful member of Pine Street Methodist Episcopal Church, a liberal contributor to the current expenses and the benevolent enterprises of the church. For many years he had been the president of the board of trustees. He was a subscriber to *ZION'S HERALD* for nearly a half-century.

In 1846 he was married to Miss Ann Whitney, of Canton, Me., and the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding was fittingly celebrated in 1896 and was an occasion of happy congratulations by their large circle of friends.

Mr. Steadman, besides his wife, leaves two sisters — Mrs. Harriet Burnham, of Sanford, Me., and Mrs. J. Keen, of Bridgton, Me.; his son, James M.; and three grandchildren — Mrs.

Back of the lungs, heart, stomach, kidneys, liver and other organs of the body is a force that gives life and motion to these organs. This life current is the nerve force, or nerve fluid, that is sent out from the nerve cells of the brain and spinal cord through the nerves. When this nerve force is weak, the action of these organs is weak. Not one of them would be capable of motion without it, and the body is weak or strong, sick or well, in proportion to the supply of this nerve force. When this life-current is weak, you feel tired, irritable, with nerves unstrung and sleep impossible; have headache, neuralgia, backache, indigestion, stomach trouble, and so on, covering a long list of ailments. There is but one thing to do — restore the nerve force. This is what Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine does. It furnishes nourishment to the nerve cells, it builds up nerve tissue, it allays the nerve irritation, and adds strength and vigor to the nervous system, and thus restores power and energy to all the organs of the body. Nervine so seldom fails in cases of this kind that druggists agree to, and do, refund the money if the first bottle does not benefit.

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Dr. D. Wendell Coburn, Misses Patty and Mabel Steadman, of Portland.

In business affairs he was upright and honest; in his home circle, kind and greatly beloved; in his church, devoted and generous. A good man has gone to his reward, loved and respected by a large circle of loyal friends.

J. F. HALEY.

Parsons.—Seth Townsend Parsons, son of Oliver and Nancy Parsons, was born in Sidney, Maine, March 13, 1825, and died at Orange, Mass., June 8, 1905.

At the age of twenty-nine he was soundly converted to God during an extensive revival that occurred under the pastorate of Rev. T. J. True, at that time on the Mercer Circuit, Me. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he was a faithful and consistent member for fifty years. In his early years he sat under the ministry and greatly enjoyed the preaching of such men as Charles W. Morse, Daniel B. Randall, George Webber, Cornelius Stone, Ammi S. Ladd, Isaac McAnn, and others of whom he loved to speak. In his daily reading of the Bible he would come across texts from which he heard sermons years ago that greatly impressed him. On account of deafness and other infirmities, he was not able to attend church regularly for several years, but he was a man of deep piety and never lost his hold on God. He was a man of principle. He would not swerve from what he thought to be right. He was a man of prayer; he lived in an atmosphere of prayer. He loved the Scriptures, many passages of which he could quote from memory. Just before his death, as he lay almost unconscious, his daughter came to his bedside, and said: "Father, do you know Jesus?" He replied: "Do I know Jesus? Oh, yes, He is my best Friend." His last illness was pneumonia, and the immediate cause of death was heart failure.

He leaves behind a wife and six children—four sons and two daughters. Miss Augusta and Mrs. L. S. Caswell live with their mother in Orange, Frank J. in Uxbridge, Wilbur W. in Northfield, William L. in Mansfield, and Dr. Joseph in Brookings, S. D.

A large company of friends and neighbors gathered to attend the funeral, which occurred at the family residence. The pastor preached from Job 5: 26: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

G. A. C.

Haskell—Mrs. Caroline Haskell was born in Germany, Sept. 8, 1818, and died in Derry, N. H., June 10, 1905, aged 86 years and 9 months. She came to this country (to Baltimore) with her parents when she was thirteen years old. She was christened in infancy in the Lutheran Church. She "found the Lord," according to her own testimony, when reading her Bible in her room, but was not fully satisfied until she found perfect peace at a Methodist altar when she was nineteen years old.

Her first husband, Mr. Elijah Eaton, was a sea captain. In the early fifties he sold out his shipping interests and took passage with his wife and young son around Cape Horn for California. Through the perfidy of the captain of the vessel, who had been bribed by competing steamers, they were wrecked near Acapulco on the Mexican coast, but no lives were lost. In 1856 her husband lost his life by accident at a gold mine in which he was interested. She was afterwards married to a man from the East, Mr. D. B. Haskell. He became captain in a California regiment of cavalry, and just at the close of the Civil War was drowned with others in attempting to convey troops across a river in New Mexico. After his death she returned with her only son to Baltimore, then to Boston and vicinity. She resided with friends for a time in New York city, and afterwards with a niece in York, Pa. At the sudden death of her niece five years ago she came to Derry, N. H., to find a home with her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Eliza Eaton.

Mrs. Haskell had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for more than sixty-seven years. Since her residence here she was

constant in attendance at both Sunday and social services. She was helpful in finance, and especially interested in missions. During the past winter she was unable to leave her home. On April 30, in great weakness, she attended church for the last time. She partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in her room on the following Sunday. Her testimony in these last weeks was clear and strong and her faith triumphant.

In accordance with her urgent request her remains will lie with those of her only son, at York, Pa., to await the summons of the resurrection day.

S. E. QUINBY.

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Coronation of Dr. John A. Wood

WRITING from Pasadena, Cal., under date of July 12, Miss Mary E. Lunn says:

"Before this reaches you, you will have learned of the translation of Rev. John Allen Wood, D. D.; but I thought, as you doubtless knew him, you would like me to tell you a little about the service which occurred yesterday afternoon at First Church. Dr. Wood, from his home at Lincoln Park, attended the South Pasadena Church, but as they are holding service in the chapel waiting for the completion of the new edifice, it was necessary to come to the large church, for Dr. Wood had hosts of friends. The service was 'not a funeral, but a coronation service,' as the beautiful flowers, tender yet victorious singing, and personal tributes of chosen ministerial friends all showed, as well as the very consciously felt presence of the Holy Spirit, making the place a veritable Bethel, and bringing the divine realities of a blissful eternity very near in sweet comfort to stricken hearts. It was a singular coincidence that Dr. Robert McIntyre (one of the pastors whom Dr. Wood had chosen to speak at the service) was detained by having to officiate at the same hour at a similar service for Dr. Beck, who, when a member of Central New York Conference (I think it was), was associated with and a very dear friend of Dr. Wood.

"The service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. Mr. Coultas, of South Pasadena, Rev. A. W.

Lamport, D. D., pastor of First Church, reading the memoir. I will give you but two items from that. Dr. Wood's first text after he received his license was part of Gen. 30:27: 'I have learned by experience.' Some years later a wonderful experience came to him at a camp-meeting in New York, when, to use his own expression, 'The Holy Ghost fell on me and swept me into the Land of Beulah.' This, of course, was what fitted him for one of the leaders in the National Holiness Association. 'Perfect Love was his constant theme. Those who knew him best say that he not only preached it, but lived it everywhere.

"Rev. A. C. Manwell, D. D. (who, by the way, was my pastor in Racine, Wis., when I was six until I was eight years old, and now resides here), paid a beautiful tribute, from intimate acquaintance, to Dr. Wood's integrity and loyalty to the church of God and to the doctrines as taught by Methodism. The closing sentence of a letter written to Dr. Manwell four years ago during temporary absence, was this: 'Holiness, Happiness, Heaven, Hallelujah!' Other friends (whose names I could not secure accurately) spoke of him as always impressing them that he lived constantly very near to God. One quoted him as often saying: 'I love to search for Truth, I love to preach Truth, I love to feed upon what seems to me the essence of Truth.' Another: 'The glories of eternity are opening before me in a variety of aspects.' During his last moments he exclaimed: 'Oh, the bliss of dying!' and his last words were: 'Blessed be God! Blessed be God!'"

Evan Roberts

THE Christian World (London) of July 6 contains this inspirational as well as informational note:

"Mr. Evan Roberts has continued his revival services in Anglesey, and even in the most inaccessible corners of the island has gathered and swayed vast crowds. A new experience for him was to conduct a revival service in a parish church. This occurred at Llandona, whose broad-spirited vicar, Rev. Peter Jones, took part in the service, and explained that he had asked Mr. Evan Roberts because he believed him to be a special messenger sent of God to perform a special work for Christ at a special time in this especially favored country. Others (he said) have asked what my Bishop will say. My Bishop has said nothing calculated to prevent this visit. The heart of the Bishop of Bangor, and of every other Bishop in Wales, is full of sympathy with this movement, and full of the true spirit of this revival. In heaven there is no distinction of sects, neither is there in this blessed revival."

When Guizot asked Lowell how long the American Republic would last, he replied: "It will last just so long as the traditions of the men of English descent who founded it are dominant there." It might perhaps be more correct (and certainly more generous to the noble fames of the Huguenots and the Dutchmen) to say that America will endure so long as the ideals of the first English settlers, supported by the virtues of the other racial strains, remain normative for the whole corporate life of the nation. The ideals of the best of the many-tongued settlers were pretty much the same, as they all aimed to serve God and make the Indians serve them. American life can never be very poor and anemic so long as the trinary ideal of the Puritan, Reformed and Huguenot faiths holds sway over Americans.

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